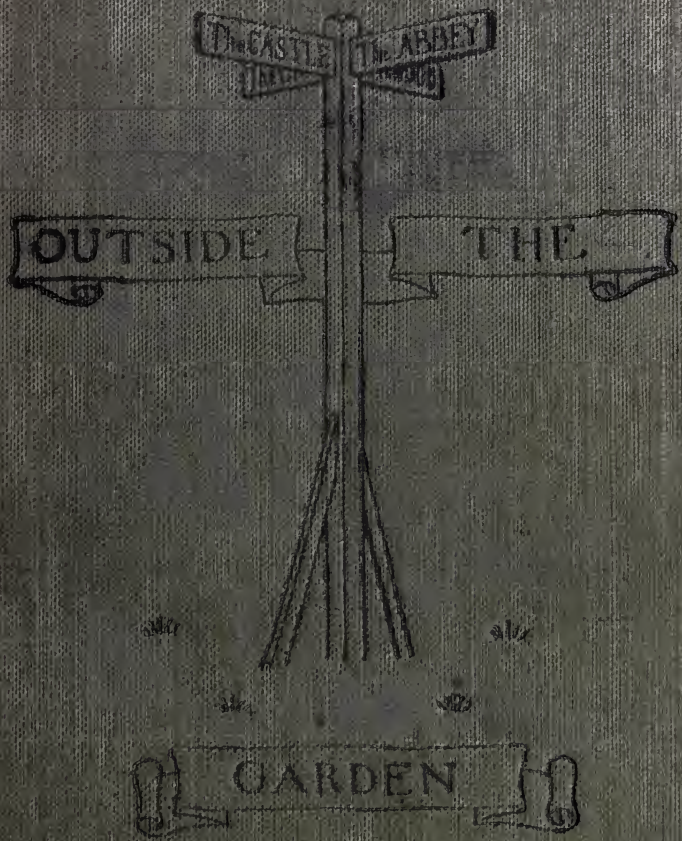
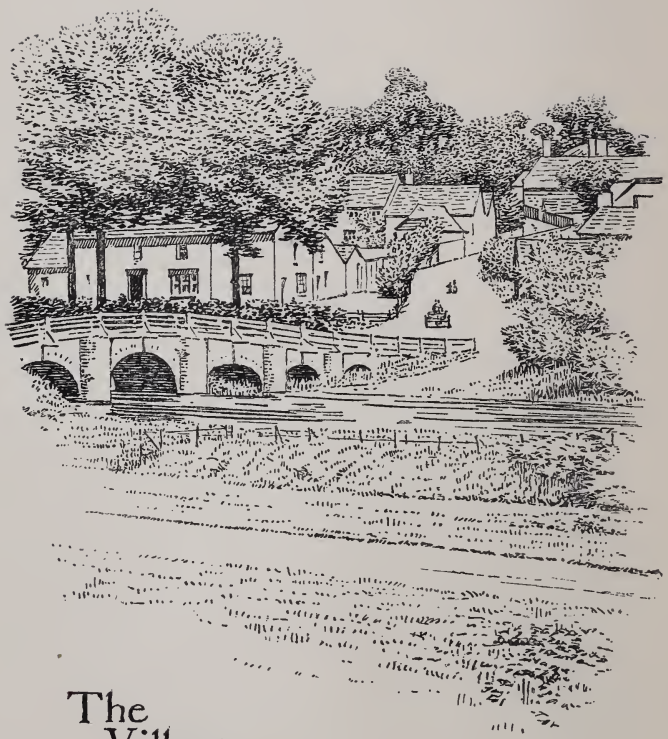

The CASTLE
The ABBEY
OUTSIDE
THE
GARDEN

OUTSIDE THE GARDEN



The Village

OUTSIDE THE GARDEN

BY

HELEN MILMAN

(MRS. CALDWELL CROFTON)

AUTHOR OF "IN THE GARDEN OF PEACE," &C.

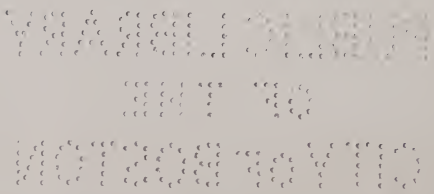
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

EDMUND H. NEW

JOHN LANE: THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON AND NEW YORK: MDCCCC

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
London & Edinburgh

Blocks by The Artists Illustrators, Ltd., London



To my Sister

CONSTANCE ARBUTHNOT

With my love

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

List of Illustrations

A few of the following Papers have already appeared in the SPECTATOR, *and are reprinted with the kind permission of the Editors.*

PRELUDE

TO MY READERS

If only I had much to give! Yet I
Give you my best.
In all humility and love in this
One thought I rest.
Grant me your tender kindness as of yore,
In highest dreams I would not ask for more.

THE day's work was over; all the roses watered and the rockery despoiled of weeds. Chance visitors were wending their way home laden with roses, promising to come again.

Slowly and silently the life-giving sun sank behind the blue firs, leaving a warm glow on the earth, and touching every cloud, and stem, and tree-top with a tender red.

Down in the vale a soft mist breathed from the river bed, and a blue haze gathered round the wood.

Most of the birds were silent, listening to the thrush as he sang the evening vesper hymn.

It was summer-time in the Garden of Peace—it was always summer-time in our hearts because we were together—and the roses were in bloom.

More beds have been planted and fresh beauties disclosed in the rosary. Every day

is marked by a new bud opening to be welcomed by every one's love. Sometimes a plant is killed by over-care and sometimes by forgetfulness, but, "come what come may," the garden is always a peaceful spot, and fits of depression caused by vanished flowers are soon dispersed, for sunshine and love will kill the microbes of regret.

The summer-house has been rebuilt under the Spanish chestnut, so we can sit and chat in comfort and take refuge from a shower.

And by the rockery a basin for cool water has been made, and now the roses and rock-plants may be watered at will.

There is a gate placed in the latticed paling, and the field is at last our own. A glorious possession of the worst bit of soil in the whole of Surrey, all stones and sand! But, nevertheless, with a great courage we are planting it in a wild way, and hope against hope that broom and gorse, blue bugloss, brambles, and wild poppies, will blend into a rainbow undergrowth. While pink thorns, copper beech, chestnuts, weeping birches, and Malus floribunda will make shelter on the brow of the hill, where we can sit and watch the sunset.

In years to come it will be another's paradise for birds.

Prelude

Here, too, in the field a cricket pitch has been made for a future famous left-hand bowler.

A new gardener has joined the staff, unbidden, for "the heir of all the ages" digs unrelentlessly amongst stones and seedlings, and carelessly plucks a flower to be treasured in a little hot hand till rescued by a mother's love. He has climbed two more steps up the ladder of life, and spends his days in hard toil, and in asking the question "Why?"

I was sitting dreaming alone under the mespilus-trees — for the child had been carried, tired out, to bed—when I heard a voice calling me.

"Come outside the garden; come into the woods, or down to the village green, or to the ruins, or Black Lake. Come and let us explore. You think there is nothing to see on the other side of the hills! Come . . . come . . . outside the garden."

For me, my whole world is inside the Garden of Peace, a narrow limit some may dare aver, but that assertion would only come from ignorance, and invoke pity. There is no narrowness with "the Spirit of Love felt everywhere."

"Come . . . come . . . outside the garden."

Laddie came and echoed the request, telling me, in the plainest dog language, that

there was a far bigger world on the other side of the gate ; that there were rabbits to be chased on the common, and perhaps *another dog to fight in the village.*

So I laid down my book, with the page unturned, upon the grass. My work, with the stitches dropped, was tossed aside, and only a half-dead rose and gaudy marigold still rested in my hand as we wandered together along the lane and up the road to the blue beyond.

Crooksbury's pine-crowned crest looked purple in the gold-red glow, and a wreath of blue smoke arose from the farm in the hollow, as a cow lowed and a dog barked.

Then we followed the way to the village, pausing to watch the evening shadows pass across Hindhead, and to question if the morrow would be fine with such clearness on the hills.

"Good-evening, sir. Good-evening, ma'am," and a farmer takes off his broad-brimmed hat in courteous fashion.

What a goodwill there is in this greeting down our way ! So much heartiness and so many smiles ; just as if the fairness of this corner of God's beautiful world must creep into the very words.

'Tis but a few miles our village lies from London town, but as yet our ways are simple

ways. Perhaps the reason is, we have to walk a short distance to catch a train; perhaps because we are on the border of common land, and we like to be real country folks.

But will it last?

"There's a deal too many people about nowadays," the old road-edger said as we greeted him and spoke of the new houses in the heather. He was eighty-two, but had "plenty of work in him yet," and did not feel at all inclined to give in. Nothing hurried him, and he liked to think he was the oldest man in the parish and was at work still. He kept the roads like trimmed carriage drives, and waged war against picturesque brambles and wild roses. He had almost forgotten how to smile, but then he had little to smile at, in spite of his content. I dare say he wonders (if he ever takes the trouble to wonder at all) whether there will be roads to keep tidy in heaven, for at eighty-two one would never care to start on a fresh job.

Our church, too, has had to be enlarged, and our quiet peace is endangered; but then one has to pay for living in the sweetest corner of England.

Over the bridge and across the Green we wended our way, by the old oak, then over the second bridge, and we crossed the fields

again to the little gate by the wishing-well leading into our own wood, pausing by the weir to cull forget-me-nots and to watch the rooks coming home to roost, and near the old mill to fill our arms with honeysuckle and wild roses.

A young yaffle called from the wood, evidently in despair at finding himself alone now the sun had disappeared, and a slight chill in the air bade us turn once more up the steep lane into the garden.

"We will wander another way to-morrow," we said to one another, as Laddie startled a blackbird out of his beauty sleep, and he flew screaming across the lawn.

"Then you think there is something to see and something to write about outside the garden?"

I laughed.

"I wrote of herons and hop-fields long before I wrote about my garden," I said mockingly; "but if you wish it, I am willing to gather my fragments together so that the world may take your view of our surroundings."

Later in the evening we sat in the verandah listening to the burr of the goat-sucker, and the screech of the owl flying in and out of the ruined abbey, doubtless

disturbing ghosts of restless monks searching for their own again.

Now and again a great beetle whizzed by at express speed, and a bat swept down to see what we were doing.

Unceasingly the water fell over the weir on the way to the sea, and a hush fell upon the great world.

> *" The young moon has fed*
> *Her exhausted horn*
> *With the sunset's fire ;*
> *The weak day is dead,*
> *But the night is not born ;"*

and we sat in contented silence, wondering if this peace would last for ever, till lost in the world beyond the stars.

HOP GARDEN IDYLL

"I know where a garden grows,
Fairer than aught in the world beside."

IT is early in September, and as we stand on the lawn in the Garden of Peace we catch a sound of cheering in the distance. Restless swallows fly above in little companies, some couples kissing on the wing, and the young are trying their powers. Their parents are glancing south, flashes of white and shining purple and chestnut as the sun catches the gloss when the birds dip earthward. Partridges cry to one another, for with a day's dawn the world has turned cruel, startling them from their sweet content in the turnips. Leaving the garden, we reach the wood and trample acorns underfoot, for busy squirrels have been at work, and the sun comes in scorching rays, all the more scorching for the autumnal coolness in the shade.

Through the Spanish chestnut copse by the red-pointed roofed hop-kiln is an encampment where the "gips" and out-

pickers lodge in Nature's hotel. A broken-down shed serves for a resting-place for those who are not living in the luxurious house-cart near by. Household effects resolve themselves outside into planks for benches, two black tins, a round of silver wood-ashes, a stick with a crook fastened into the ground to hang the pot on, and a bunch of faggots. Inside . . . our curiosity will not lead us to investigate the recesses of that blue and red house-cart. A white—dirty white—sheet hangs over the entrance, but only the breeze is bold enough to lift it and peep within. Brambles are rich with blackberries, and the air, which is redolent with a strong scent, betrays the secret of the earth.

Turning to our right through a rough wicket gate we find ourselves on the side of a hill among gnarled trunks of apple-trees and tangles of undergrowth. At our feet down in the hot vale we see a hop-field, and hear the hubbub and murmur and cries that always herald the hoppers. A confused sound it is, coming from a bare patch in the midst of the lovely greenery, and the earth seems suddenly alive, hemmed in by the tall, graceful columns of hanging green vines. We thread our way down through the trees

Hop Kilns

and along by the flag-bordered streamlet, blue-eyed forget-me-nots peeping at us as we pass, on into the hop-field; then in and out between the labyrinths, guided by the human hum of sound till we come to the clearing.

"Is it well with the hops?" We put the question unconsciously in the words of the prophet of old, for the over-anxious look in the farmer's face merits such an inquiry. He is not a modern every-day farmer this, but a tall burly yeoman, in a broad-brimmed black felt hat and shirt-sleeves, with a broad-brimmed smile, too, and a hearty "Well, Master!" for greeting. I will challenge you to find his equal within miles of our Surrey village.

There is a great chattering and crying amid signs of social standing in this hop-field. You can verily breathe the difference of class as you pass from field to field under different rule. Here with Farmer Dick you pick among the "upper ten" of hoppers; these are no out-pickers, only those who have picked here, some for ten, some for fifteen, some for twenty years. In the field, as the year comes round, babies are promoted step by step, till the little one we knew a short time back has a basket of her own in her pride.

A Hop Garden Idyll

"No more poles!" rang out above the noise as we came into view, and a cheer across like an "Amen" to the loud bass chant. "No more poles!" and women realise how their backs are aching, and babies cry out at the mere fact of existence.

There has been a long day's work before the shouting cry, so we learn from a woman, who stoops to pick out a king-hop to give us as we question her. First of all, the hoppers go to the farmer, and each draws a number by lot; then his or her name is entered in a book. The number is the standing-place in the field, where all share alike except No. 1, and with No. 1 rests solely the power of striking or non-striking. Only No. 1 can raise a voice either in protest at pay or to calm discontent, and as No. 1 falls by lot, certain cantankerous leaders can never command a strike. But there were few grumblers in Farmer Dick's field, for his generous measure drew laggard smiles from the hardest faces, and his genial humour was proof against foolish attack or greedy overbearance.

At six o'clock in the morning each picker takes the place allotted, and is provided with a big seven-bushel basket, marked inside with black circles to measure

the picking. And those lines, how much they represent to the weary mother of a large family—realised dreams of unuttered wants, rent, and food and clothing, a life's necessity, and the therewithal to meet the children's sorest need.

Pullers lift the poles and lay them across the baskets, where busy hands soon despoil the beautiful green tangle of the soft green bunches of flowers. Hands become stained a dark brown in the process, but the odour of hops is health-giving, and sleep is heavy and trouble forgotten when hopping is the order of the day. The pickers stand in rows about six feet apart, and pick to the right and left, and when the whole row is finished the sitting is changed, baskets emptied into the surplus measures, and dragged to the next row. Whole families stand in groups, all the children being pressed into service, with the inevitable baby in a perambulator, or lying on the ground in a sack, a cotton umbrella rolled up in a piece of oilcloth alongside.

To some the day seems long, to some short, but that depends whether the heart be heavy or light, whether the sunshine blinds or cheers, whether the future or the past means happiness.

"No more poles!" and soon every hop disappears; but the work is not yet completed, for hoppers are busy, first in picking out stray leaves—for leaves are forbidden—then in the various dodges for raising hops in baskets to their fullest measure, all in full view of Farmer Dick, who smiles good-humouredly and winks knowingly as he pulls out his pencil and book. "Lor' bless you, ma'am, I've known an old boot poked in afore now," and he does not look put out in the very least. The process is this—two pickers plunge their hands in under the hops till they meet in the middle, then raise them lightly and shake them, the hops are shovelled up at the sides to hide the telltale black lines, and if they sink in the middle, "Well, it's a way hops have," they say, and no one looks surprised. It is always anxious work when the tally-man begins at the other end, for hops are kittle cattle, and you cannot go on raising them. So much depends on their rise and fall—so many pennies more, or so many pennies less.

We go the round with the tally-man, for we wish to be initiated into the mysteries of measure; and it is good to listen to the farmer and to watch the keen observant eye as he sees ahead at a glance what the

entry is to be. "Do you call that seven bushel, Jane?—Our best picker, ma'am; nine bushel this morning, seven now.—Sixteen bushel, Jane. *If* you call that seven bushel. Of course you'll say 'Yes'; you'll say anything. Well, you must owe me some on Monday."

"I allays pays where I borrers, Master Dick."

"All right, all right.—Jane knew me, ma'am, when I was a young nipper like him yonder," pointing to a juvenile edition of Farmer Dick standing on his head in a seven-bushel basket of hops. "I used to steal your currants and gooseberries, Jane, eh?" A mild roar of applause greeted this wit, and we passed to the next basket. In our wake the pullers carried off the spoil to the wooden frames, over which sheets of canvas were fastened with wooden pins. "Called a surplice, like parson dresses your choir in," Dick said; but whether "surplus" or "surplice" we failed to gather. "Five bushel, eh? Oh! hops will sink, of course; bound to begin t'other end sometimes. Bad hops? Now, don't grizzle, Mrs. Morgan. Threepence-halfpenny a bushel, remember.—And that extra halfpenny, ma'am, makes a difference to my pocket in this small field of twenty-

five pounds." We assented readily ; hops made us lazy, and perhaps a trifle hazy, for we could not calculate in a moment how many bushels that represented.

On and on journeyed the tally-man, passing Darby, and Joan, wrinkles and furrows of time marking the nearness of a golden wedding ; they had grown old together over their yearly hopping, and in peaceful silence were helping one another up the last steep hill of life ; catching love looks as a young couple join hands under some desperate tangle of greenery ; passing old granny and the proud child promoted to a basket of her own. Children never pick well till they can show their own result of work, they weary of helping for helping's sake, and we blame them not, —they but follow the way of the world. And so the page fills, but there is more written between the lines by unseen hands than is dreamt of in the hop-field.

Up in the blue a disturbed lark sings jerkily, as if annoyed at the hubbub below, and near by a grey and white donkey tries to rub a little sense into his head against a discarded pole.

And we ? Do we await our Tally-man with baskets of life's picking full to the highest line ? There will be a great deal

of heaving necessary when our time comes for reckoning in the great field of Eternity.

But that is looking beyond; now we watch the pickers home. The hops are carted to the kiln, where the old drier receives them, dries them, and packs them in huge pockets, and they pass out of our reach down the red Surrey lane.

HERONS AT HOME

"*The blackbird and the speckled thrush*
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love."

"THE old order changeth," and it is with a tinge of melancholy that the naturalist feels that altered times foreshadow the future extirpation of the race of our largest English bird, the heron. No longer is it royal game as in the days when falconry was the favourite pursuit of kings, princes, and nobles—a pursuit in which Henry VIII. nearly lost his life, for we read: "The king one day when pursuing his hawk at Hitchin, attempted, with the assistance of his pole, to jump over a wide ditch full of muddy water, but the pole unfortunately breaking, the king fell head over ears into the thick mud, where he might have been suffocated had not one of his attendants, seeing the accident, leaped into the ditch after his royal master and pulled him out."

Many of our great heronries have been dispersed, the poor birds driven hither and

thither, and though there are now private settlements in various parts of the kingdom, the number is steadily on the decrease owing to constant persecution. The days are long gone by since certain breeds of falcons were claimed by Act of Parliament "to be reserved to his Majesty according to ancient custom," and when herons were strictly preserved for the reason that they gave more exciting flights than any other birds. For food, too, the heron was much prized. Sir Walter Scott tells us, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," that it formed part of the menu at Lady Margaret's bridal feast, and no fewer than four hundred heron-shaws were consumed at the feast of the installation of one of the Archbishops of York.

Long before the days of William the Conqueror hawking formed part of the education of young men of rank, and they studied assiduously a treatise written on the subject by Alfred the Great; but attached as our ancestors were to the sport, it was by no means peculiar to Britain, for we know that the Sultan Bajazet Ilderim maintained a corps of seven thousand falconers, and Denmark and France were as devoted to the regal sport as England.

Herons at Home

Walking through the fir-wood in search of our small herony at Black Lake, with the yellow glow of an early April sunset shining through the trees, the copper stems of the Scotch firs burnished by the sun, in the weird loneliness and 'silence, broken only by the crackling of twigs underfoot and the sudden flight of a startled pigeon, a hawk's cry brings an old picture of a day's hawking to my mind. The falconer stood in full view of a bright retinue of lords and ladies, with the hawk held by a jesse on his wrist; and 'when the herons passed overhead, sailing in the air, the hawk was cast, and flew like an 'arrow straight up to his quarry, and soaring above him, pounced downward and struck him, both birds falling to the 'ground together, the falcon rewarded by the live lure, and the heron killed to furnish a monarch's board.

A harsh 'alarm-note, like the sharp bark of a dog "in a cracked and high-pitched voice," brings stories of bygone days to a close, and, looking up, we see herons flying backwards and forwards over the trees. Herons build in colonies like rooks, and their nests in this heronry are at the very top of giant firs, close to a pool within the precincts of the old Cistercian abbey. The silence of Nature's cathedral with the

burnished pillars has disappeared, and the noisiest woodland nursery, "high up in the pine-trees," is discovered.

Broken pale green shells at the foot of the trees tell that the nestlings are hatched, three in a nest, to remain there five or six weeks before they can fly. We searched in vain for the justification of the old legend that the first chick is always expelled from the nest as soon as hatched, for no little corpse was lying buried in fir needles or covered with bracken by kindly robins. Perhaps modern herons are kinder to their young than those of the old barbarian days.

Because of the presence of intruders, the old birds wait at a short distance with the fish from the lake, and the bad language of their offspring is so constant and so loud at being kept waiting, that for very pity we seek refuge a little farther off, when the parents at once alight on a tender bough, which seems as if it must break, and a frightful quarrel in the nest evidently ensues for possession of the dainty morsel. It is curious to note the different tones of the snapping cries in the nests, indicating the various ages of the nestlings, the bark becoming more pronounced in the older broods. The nests are quite flat, made of twigs and turf and roots, and placed in

slender forks at the end of the branches—to ignorant human eyes, the worst position possible.

We hear of eighty nests in one tree in the great heronry at Cressy Hall, and are not 'astonished when Gilbert White tells us "he would ride many a mile to see such a sight." Generally herons are pictured standing silently at the margin of a stream or 'lake, "solitary sentinel of the shore":

> "Lo! there the hermit of the water,
> The ghost of ages dim,
> The fisher of the solitudes,
> Stands by the river's brim,"

waiting to make a pounce as a fish swims by or an unwary eel wriggles out of the mud. By this dear lake of his he is often seen for hours standing on one leg silently contemplating the waters, his bill resting on his breast, musing on the future, and wondering why he 'cannot be left in peace to bring up his young as in the days when his solitude was shared by the followers of Robert, Abbot of Molesmes.

In Yarrell there is a drawing of a greedy heron having pierced with his bill such a large eel that it twisted itself round the bird's neck and strangled it.

The flight of the heron, Morris says, in which the wings are much arched and the neck doubled back, is slow and heavy, and the long legs, carried straight out, projecting behind; this flight, seen early and late, according to an old tradition, being considered very unlucky.

Leaving the noisy chatter and scoldings of the nestlings behind—much to the relief of the parent birds—the way winds over the carpet of golden bracken by the lake side. Higher and higher the yellow glow lights the copper-coloured trunks, for the sun sinks silently behind the indigo firs, and as if to mourn his departure, a soft blue mist rises from the black waters and shrouds the branches of sweet-scented palm which overhang the edge, and the white birch-stems, reflected in the deep water, look weird and ghostlike. A footfall frightens a beautiful mallard, and as he rises a setting gleam catches the emerald head, which flashes like a jewel. He flies off to the opposite side, and the unromantic quack of his mate as she follows him betokens that she has no idea of being left behind to the mercy of unknown intruders; they circle together overhead, waiting till the coast is clear to return to the nest. The next to break the silence is

a pheasant calling a good-night, as he always does when flying up to roost—the whirr of his wings being heard at some distance—to dream, it may be certain, of these happy courting days and of a summer of peace before him; and from behind a stump of a tree a baby rabbit comes peeping, wondering what strange giants people his woodland world. Looking back across the water—before the red road is reached and the bridge which spans the Wey—the herons are seen flying backwards and forwards, looking like grey spirits against the dark background, still fishing for their voracious young, forming a link with the old-fashioned past, and making us hope intensely that if the old order must change and must give place to new, man, for "auld lang syne," will do all in his power to preserve for present and future generations "our largest British bird."

IN MOOR PARK

"And I too dream'd—until at last
Across my fancy brooding warm
The reflex of a legend past
And loosely settled into form."

OVER the heather, broom, and gorse, and down a steep hill bordered by firs and bracken, you come to Stella's cottage by Waverley Mill, now a mill no longer, for cruel fire burnt it and laid it low, and spoilt a lovely corner.

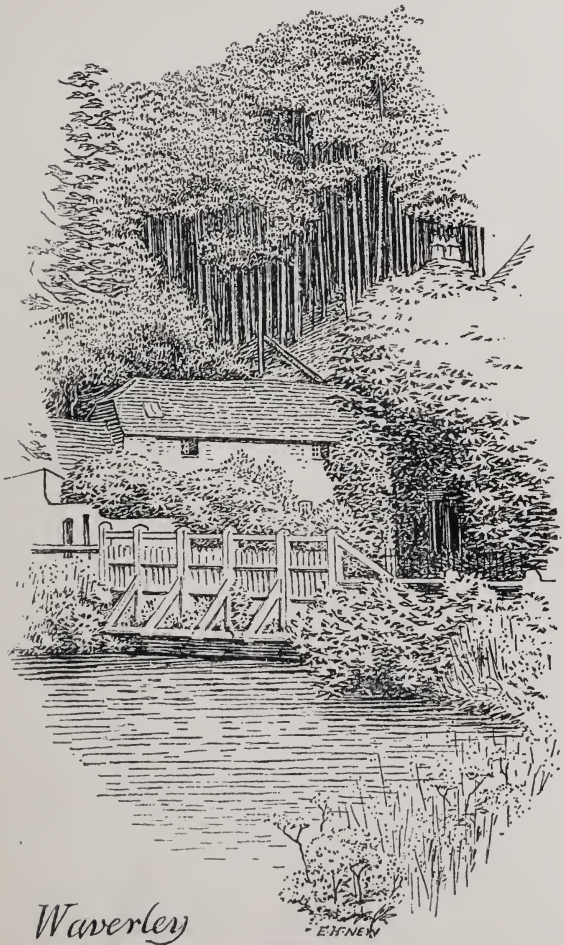
Here, if we half shut our eyes, we can fancy ourselves back in the year 1696, and picture a slight tall girl standing at the gate, with book in hand, pretending to study hard, yet every now and then glancing anxiously up the path leading to Moor Park, and doubtless wondering why Swift was late. It was easy to make excuses for him. Had Sir William Temple kept him to write despatches to Parliament? Was another chapter of "The Tale of a Tub" being placed on record? *Had Swift for the moment forgotten Stella?* Ah, no! she could never doubt him, and had little cause to, for she only

knew what he chose to tell her, and his other loves were hidden from the gentle maid who loved him so devotedly.

I cling to old traditions, and just inside the drive to Moor Park there is an old beech-stump with twisted roots, and ever as I pass it I see it in all its majesty of bough and branch, and underneath its shade a man and maid with clasped hands and eager look, pretending to talk of books, yet only reading stories in each other's eyes the while.

Swift came to this part of the world as Sir William Temple's secretary in 1689. Some say his family were related to Dorothy Osborne, and hence the connection. In 1692 we hear of Sir William suffering from gout, and King William, who was on a visit to the big house, being entertained by Swift. And Jonathan Swift could entertain well if it were his humour so to do, and while the King taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion, perhaps the secretary gossiped of his last MS., "The Battle of the Books."

When Sir William Temple was not writing—or suffering from gout—he spent much of his time "laying out the garden, with the angular regularity which he had admired in the flower-beds of Haarlem



Waverley Mill

and The Hague, with terraces, a canal, and formal walks, buttoned on either side with flower-pots." The sundial is still there, under which Sir William Temple's heart was buried in a silver casket.

Not many a sundial marks the spot where a heart is buried, though many may note the time when a heart is broken.

Swift left Moor Park soon after Temple's death in 1698, and wended his way to Ireland, there to break the heart of Vanessa, while he wrote his Journal to Stella. These letters tell of his life in our dear Surrey side, but do not help us to picture his courtship of Esther Johnson.

There, standing alone by the winding river, or at the mouth of Mother Ludlam's cave, she dreamt of the strange personality who had gained such a supreme power over her heart and mind, and she patiently waited till she should be summoned to his side.

Nearer our time Temple's famous house was turned into a hydropathic establishment. This seems to us desecration, yet it is foolish to mind.

Charles Darwin sought shelter and rest here on several occasions while solving with that wonderful brain of his strange and new problems. He writes from Moor

Park in 1858: "The weather is quite delicious: yesterday, after writing to you, I strolled a little beyond the glades for an hour and a half and enjoyed myself. The fresh but dark green of the grand Scotch firs, the brown of the catkins of the old birch with their white stems, and a fringe of distant green from the larches, made an excessively pretty view. At last I fell asleep on the grass, and woke with a chorus of birds singing around me, and squirrels running up the trees, and some woodpeckers laughing, and it was as pleasant and rural a scene as ever I saw. And I did not care one penny how any of the beasts had been formed."

This is a triumph of nature over the mind of man, even of such a man as the great Darwin.

The year before, in an interesting letter to Sir J. Hooker, he says:

"By the way, at Moor Park I saw rather a pretty case of the effect of animals on vegetation. There are enormous commons, with clumps of Scotch firs on the hills; and about eight or nine years ago some of these commons were enclosed, and all round the clumps nice young trees are springing up by the million, looking exactly as if planted, so many are of

the same age. In other parts of the commons, not yet enclosed, I looked for miles, and not one young tree could be seen. I then went near (within a quarter of a mile of the clumps) and looked closely in the heather, and there I found tens of thousands of young Scotch firs with their tops nibbled off by the few cattle which occasionally roam over these wretched heaths. One little tree three inches high, by the rings appeared to be twenty-six years old, and with a short stem about as thick as a stick of sealing wax.

"What a wonderful problem it is, what a play of forces determining the kind and proportion of each plant in a square yard of turf! It is to my mind truly wonderful, and yet we are pleased to wonder when some plant or animal becomes extinct."

Wandering home through the park, dreaming of the uncouth lover and innocent maid, drawing dream-pictures of the strange and remarkable genius haunting the place who broke so many hearts, and of patient enduring Stella, the sight of Mother Ludlam's cave—enclosed now with iron gates—makes us pause and think of all the old legends connected with the spot.

I am no historian, but I cling to every old legend and tradition, and I feel not one

atom of friendliness for the man of history who calmly walks the path of our corner of Surrey to-day and boldly asserts, without a blush, that Stella never lived in the cottage which bears her name and that the witch is a myth.

Such men should be given no hospitality, but should receive a petition to move on to some other sphere.

Mother Ludlam lived within this cave, from whence sprang a spring of clear water which supplied the monks of Waverley. At midnight any petitioner in need of something went into the cave and thrice repeated aloud, "Pray good Mother Ludlam lend me such a thing" (naming the article required), "and I will return it within two days."

The witch was never seen, but was always ready to lend anything which was required, and it was placed at the entrance of the cave next morning.

This state of things continued for a long long time, till at last some careless or ill-disposed person failed to return a large cauldron in the stipulated time. Mother Ludlam was not unnaturally irritated at this want of punctuality, so she refused even to take it back when at last left at the cave's mouth, and from that time to

to-day she has never accommodated any one with even a trifling loan.

The story goes that the monks carried off the cauldron to the abbey, doubtless sorry that Mother Ludlam had been so put about; and after the dissolution of that monastery it was deposited in Frensham Church.

Aubrey writes: "I do believe that this great kettle was an ancient utensil belonging to their church house for the use of love feasts and revel."

I am ready to believe this too, but it does not do away with the tradition that originally it came from the cave.

There is another natural cave above the one inhabited by the ghost of Mother Ludlam, and this second cave, I would have you know, is Foote's Cave.

Here early one morning a gentleman arrived, followed by a man wheeling a heavy pormanteau. "This is a lovely spot," he said. "Leave the box here." And straightway he took up his residence in this cave.

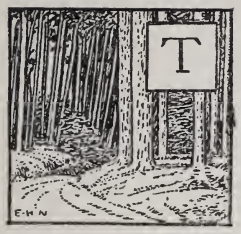
An old man called Roitrey Hill, father of an old woman in the village, used to tell of music which he heard in the early morning as he passed the cave. It was the mysterious stranger playing the flute.

At last Foote was found in a dying condition and was removed to the workhouse. The heavy portmanteau was taken charge of by officials. "Gold," murmured the dying man ; and so it proved to be.

The story goes that a rich lady of high degree came to the funeral and departed—nameless. The power of romance can only fill in the details.

Such is life! Legend, tradition, and romance. While now and then reason and history step in to explain everything away and destroy the beauty!

Ah, well! if only man will stand aside Nature remains supreme, and nothing can mar the glory of the Master's hand.



THE CROSSBILL'S WELL

"The birds around me hopped and played;
Then thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion that they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure."

OUTSIDE the Garden of Peace soft beeches shade the drive, and in one of these trees where great branches leave the stem the water gathers in a little natural basin, especially designed by Dame Nature for a bird's drinking well.

Here at morn and eve came a pair of beautiful crossbills to quench their thirst, and seeing they were regular visitors, and because we loved them so, when the well dried we took care to fill it daily, so that the birds might not be disappointed.

One morning looking from my window I saw a lovely red crossbill drinking out of the gutter on the veranda quite close to me. He seemed quite tame, and only came to remind me that we had forgotten to provide his proper supply, so gazed at me reproachfully.

The crossbills came to us suddenly in flocks. At first we could not make out

their identity, for we never dreamt of having such uncommon visitors, and great was our joy when we realised who had found their way to us.

They are so seldom seen in England, this "class of gipsy mygrants," and every one told us that they would not stay; but when the birds found what a lovely part of the country they had come to, and how peaceful were their surroundings, they made up their minds to stop; and now for two years they have nested close by.

Going up the lane one day, we saw a flock of crossbills in some low firs a few yards away, and we stood and watched them at their midday meal. They looked like miniature parrots at work, their green and red plumage shining in the sun.

In "The Garden of Peace" I told the beautiful legend of this bird, so I must not repeat it here. I little thought then I should see and know him for myself, and that he and his mates would soon become personal friends of ours.

Climbing about the firs, they search for a fir-apple, and, finding a tender young one, with their strong crossed mandibles they break it off with one bite; then, parrot-like, they hold it in their claws and pull

the cone to pieces, eating the seeds as they come across them.

It is a pretty sight to watch the flock feeding, and even an unscientific observer can at once detect the strength and power of the tongue ; and though at first it seems as if the crossed bill must be so difficult to manage, the mandibles easily divide the sections of the cone, and then the tongue darts in and sweeps out, as it were, the seed.

You must go to Gilbert White and Yarrel for a really scientific description of the structure and anatomy of the beak and tongue. I do not pretend to a knowledge of science, and can only supply you with personal knowledge.

They are very early breeders, and make their nest in March high up in the fir-trees, rather near the stem. They build in companies, and if you find one nest you will be sure to find more near by. The nest is made loosely of small thick grass, short straws, and moss, lined with dry pine needles and sometimes feathers. They have three or four eggs, white, slightly tinged sometimes with blue or green, and brownish-red spots at the thick end.

In the *Zoologist* for 1843 occurs the following note, from the pen of Mr. J. Lewcock, a bird-stuffer at Farnham :

"Four or five years ago the Scotch firs in the Holt Forest were cut out to allow more room for the growth of young oaks; when the trees were thrown, four nests of the crossbill were found in their topmost forks; the nests and eggs had much the appearance of those of the greenfinch. Since the firs were cut down I am not aware that a single crossbill has been seen in the forest."

So they were here fifty-six years ago without a doubt.

One day in April as we were coming home from a walk we heard a great commotion going on in the beech-trees in the drive. We went at once to see what all the fuss was about, and looking up into the branches we saw a family of birds which we recognised at once as our friends the crossbills.

Great was our delight, for with the two old birds were three young ones, little dull brown birdlets with almost straight bills.

The parent birds had brought their little ones to the beech-tree to show them the well, and to give them their first lesson in drinking.

Luckily we had filled their basin with pure spring water that very morning, and the sun shone brightly through the bud-

ding twigs on to the unfurling fern-fronds below.

Backwards and forwards the old birds flew from their fluttering offspring to the water, and still the little timid ones were afraid to venture down.

All the world was new to them, and the power of their wings was an unknown quantity. They could not make out why their parents should want them to go down so far when they had just reached a high bough with much fear and trembling.

At last the old birds got quite angry and chattered away in a vexed loud tone, and one gave a baby crossbill a little push, and they flew down together with a tumble and flutter to the water's edge. You may take a bird to the water, but you cannot make him drink. This the father bird found, much to his annoyance; but when the mother arrived with the two other children they all stood round in a family group, flapping and chirping, and the lesson went on.

Father and mother kept dipping their bills into the water and throwing back their heads, then looked at the trio and chirped.

The nestlings only fluttered and puffed themselves out with amusement, for they thought it was all a joke; but at last one,

bolder than the rest, took a peck at the water and was so refreshed that his brothers and sisters followed his example, and the old birds were delighted at their success.

The bill of the crossbill does not always cross in the same direction. The under one is sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left of the upper one. Perhaps, as in the manner in which we cross our hands and the right or left thumb is uppermost, it is a sign with the crossbills of governing or being governed.

In a very old manuscript, dated 1593, there is the following description: "This yeere was a greate and exceeding yeere of apples; and there were greate plenty of strange birds, that shewed themselves at the time the apples were full rype, who fedde upon the kernells onely of those apples, and haveinge a bill with one beake wrythinge over the other, which would presently bore a great hole in the apple, and make way to the kernelle; they were of the bignesse of a Bullfinch, the henne right like the henne of the bull finch in coulour; the cock a very glorious bird, in a manner al redde and yellowe on the brest, back, and head. The oldest man living never heard or reade of any such like bird; and the thinge most to bee noted

was, that they seemed to come out of some country not inhabited; for that they at the first would abide shooting at them, either with pellet, bow, or other engine, and not remove till they were stricken downe. Moreover, they would abide the throweing at them, in so much as diverse were stricken downe and killed with often throwing at them with apples. They came when the apples were ripe, and went away when the apples were clean fallen. They were very good meate."

Poor, beautiful marauders! The last sentence makes one's heart bleed! Even in the long ago, before the fatal rook rifle existed, birds were as much persecuted as they are to-day. "*They were very good meate.*" Fancy sitting down in the sixteenth century to a dish of grilled crossbills! They could not have known of the old legend in those days, for the oldest man living had never heard of such a bird.

We read again in an old volume of "Britannia Baconia": "In Queen Elizabeth's time a flock of birds came into Cornwal, about harvest, a little bigger than a sparrow, which had bills thwarted crosswise at the end, and with these they would cut an apple in two at one snap, eating only the kernels; and they made a great spoil among the apples."

Happily, in this record we do not read of their being served on toast.

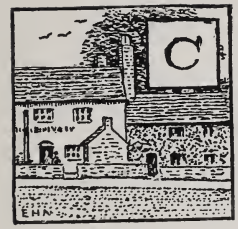
Whether the young male is always red and the female green is a moot question. We know of a young red male bird in captivity turning green the second year. The pair outside our garden, owners of the beech-tree well, were certainly very decided in colour, orange-red and bright green.

"In the autumn of 1821," says Macgillivray, "when walking in Scotland, I had the pleasure of observing, near the influx of a tributary of the river Spey, a flock of several hundreds of crossbills, busily engaged in shelling the seeds of the berries which hung in clusters on a clump of rowan-trees. So intent were they in satisfying their hunger that they seemed not to take the least heed of me; and as I had not a gun, I was content with gazing on them, without offering them any molestation. They clung to the twigs in all sorts of positions, and went through the operation of feeding in a quiet, businesslike manner, each attending to his own affairs without interfering with his neighbours. It was indeed a pleasant sight to see how the little creatures fluttered among the twigs, all in continued action, like so many bees

in a cluster of flowers in sunshine after rain."

This is a pretty description, for we can see them there among the scarlet berries, hanging in every imaginable attitude, peering into the bunches to find the best seeds, and ruthlessly plucking stem after stem, scattering the ground beneath with fragments.

Beautiful crossbill! we welcome you reverently, and beg of you in our love not to leave us again.



COTTAGE GARDENS THAT I LOVE

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

OUTSIDE a grey stone cottage by a weir near by, there is a group of blood-red hollyhocks growing in careless abandonment, with a glorious richness unknown in a gardener's garden — not stiffly tied to stakes, in height irregular and picturesque — making a spot of colour in the landscape which the weary wayfarer stops to contemplate, and then travels on refreshed.

"God Almighty first planted a garden, and it is indeed the purest of all human pleasures," said Lord Bacon; and the purest, it may be added, because all things that are beautiful in nature betray the maker's perfection of thought and delight in them. In the rustic mind this thought is struggling to the surface as civilisation creeps down to the root of beings whose environment is narrowed by

circumstances, and intellect deadened by hereditary dulness.

The love that a cottager has for his garden is the most purifying influence which can be brought to bear upon him, and in many cases, as Washington Irving says, "the residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment."

Flowers need love and care lavished upon them with an ungrudging hand; and they repay the care unhesitatingly, more abundantly in the cottage garden than in the gorgeous parterre of the rich—little plots "made beautiful by the pathetic expedients of the poor." Nowhere do the tall white lilies grow so luxuriantly as in the cottage garden, lifting their fair spotless heads with a loftier majesty than when placed by an expert in a crowded border, where existence becomes a struggle for the survival of the fittest.

Pictures of cottage gardens hang in my memory to which only a poet would do justice.

One is of a thatched cottage, with win-

The
Mill Cottage

dows peeping under the gables, the little cottage bordering on the Wey, where white ducks paddle and plume themselves in the sun; a great gnarled apple-tree spreads weird arms across the potato-patch, covered in spring with a pink-tipped white wealth of blossom. By the little path leading to the open doorway is a border, one mass of blue nemophila, looking like a little bit of sky dropped down to earth; here and there a plant of copper-and-gold wallflower, and a stray red tulip.

"Do you see those flowers, ma'am?" said a farmer only a brief space back; "it's those flowers, ma'am, which keep me out of the public-house. You see, ma'am, flowers take a deal of fiddling after," and he looked with pride round the miniature greenhouse, where geraniums shone in the sun.

Another picture I remember of an old-fashioned cottage garden, separated from the outside world by a thick yew hedge. Across the little plot of grass dotted with jewelled beds, in fancy I pass under a honysuckle arch which fills the air with its sweetness. There is on the left of the picture a turf walk bordered on each side with flowers which bloomed in olden days. Giant red poppies, loose careless blossoms, simply ablaze with gladness; by their side,

and yet failing to hurt even an artist's eye, grow blue larkspurs, each sapphire spire pointing heavenward. There are peonies white and red, and orange lilies making the pinks beside them almost afraid to burst their buds. There are snapdragon, lupins, and London-pride, and beyond, another arch covered with roses and purple clematis, with a flame bush of Austrian briar at its side for colour, and a maple shining white against a clipped yew for contrast.

"I sometimes think," said the poet, "there are flowers that refuse to decorate the *superba civium potentiorum limina*, the porches and parterres of the well-to-do, and, with the discriminating partiality of true kindness, reserve their full beauty for the narrow territory of the poor. 'You cannot want me,' they seem to say, 'for you have so many other flowers and shrubs. . . . Here I am the only flower, dearly prized, and exclusively honoured. Must I not, therefore, do my best for those who entertain me so tenderly?'"

There is a vignette, too, which I love, of a pathway winding between a maze of soft pink mallows and gaudy marigolds to a porch round which everlasting peas cling lovingly, and a giant sunflower towers, with

the dark heather thatch for background, while the air is scented with the fragrance from a ragged bush of "old man."

"Scents are the souls of flowers; they can be perceived even in the land of shadows," writes Joseph Joubert; and the scents of flowers conjure up images in the shadowland of hearts as no sight can do. In cottage gardens flowers flourish and go to seed just when they like, no other duty being required of them; and up they come again at Spring's command, with flaunting vigour, having been lavishly "cared for" in the winter. Why do not great people —philanthropists or no—I ask, when their gardeners divide and bed-out and plant, send their surplus stock to cottages, instead of enriching the waste-heap? A little more thought, a little more kindness, and the world might be beautified a hundred-fold. "The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box; the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms over the lattice; the pot of flowers in the window; the holly, providently planted about the house to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside—all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing

down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant." This and more can I say in praise of gardens, but there is yet much to be done.

In these days extremes meet in literature: Nature-studies treating of Nature's treasures, and realistic life-studies, gaunt pictures in flaunting colours of all that is dark and vile. There is a craze for garden books, old treatises on floriculture, old editions of rare books on the art of "jardinage," folios of designs of old French and Dutch masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Quaint old names of flowers are revived, and Lord Bacon's essay "Of Gardens" is well-nigh learnt by heart. Evelyn's "Sylva" lies on the table, and gardens are patterned after Spenser's mode. As so much is being given up to the gardens of the rich, cannot more be done for the gardens of the poor? Dull lives need sunshine and relaxation, and flowers bring brightness in a marvellous degree. A cottage garden, almost without exception, will prove a sure test of character: a tangled wilderness of weeds conjures up a vision of a neglected wife and

children, and a hard-earned wage wasted in wanton drink; while a garden plot—with herbs and rose-bushes, sweet peas running riot over bushes, covering them with their butterflies, white and red and white and violet—betokens thrift and care and thoughtfulness.

"The man who has planted a garden feels that he has done something for the good of the world. It is pleasant to eat of the fruit of one's toil, if it be nothing more than a head of lettuce or an ear of corn," writes Charles Dudley Warner: "the principal virtue of a garden is to teach patience and philosophy," and the culture of flowers is to teach love. Gardens, however small, cannot be gay without flowers; so let those who have give to those who have not—a homely maxim which every one can digest at will.

TREE FELLING

"The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell."

"WILL you please tell the lady we are keeping the big oak till she comes, so that we are ready whenever she is?"

It was "in the merry merry month of May" that the message came to bid us witness the fall.

Our hearts were sore, for it was our green woodpecker's oak which stood doomed, and we mourned as we crossed the meadow into the wood, bearing with us the heir of all the ages in search of a new sensation.

All the soft greens in the wood were of varied hue, for the buds, hearing the message of spring, opened to the light—the pale transparent green of the beech with its brown husk still clinging to it; bronzed oak-leaves looking curled and crumpled; feathery larch plumes tipped with crimson flower, and pencilled birches dotted with tiny leaves.

Tree Felling

At our feet a bluebell carpet picked out with sorrel in flower, and bracken but half unfurled.

As we reached our favourite oak, hungry baby starlings called to us from the woodpecker's nest in the hole. Little did they know what was in store for them, and we wondered to ourselves whether they would outlive the drop to mother earth.

A group of men awaited us, and we sorrowfully gave the signal, and then stood and watched.

"We're going to leave a good bit for a summer seat for you, lady," said a man, bent on giving us pleasure, and we tried to smile our thanks; but who could prefer a hard bench of wood to a mossy bank, or a seat to a glorious tree for the birds to roost and build in?

The long saw was placed, and the most experienced man took up his position at one end in solitary glory to guide, but at the other end four men held the rope, two standing and two kneeling.

It was a picturesque sight as the sun shone through the trees, and the stock-dove cooed in answer to the woodpeckers who clung to the trunk of an ash hard by and peeped round to see what we were about.

Tree Felling

One of the men wore a red cap, and their brown bare arms moved in rhythm as the cruel saw cut into the heart of the tree . . . and broke it!

On the ground at a little distance a giant oak lay like a ghost in the sun, stretching white limbs helplessly in every direction. By its side the long stack of bark was drying.

"Saw, saw, saw!" backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards; and the starlings cried for their mother to come and comfort them.

"Saw, saw, saw!" till the men called "halt," and they waited to rest and wipe the wet drops from their brow, while they reported progress from side to side. Then on again till there was space to hammer in a thick iron wedge so as to give the saw room.

In the next pause a man took a hatchet and chipped out a huge nick on the side on which the tree was to fall. It was not a single trunk but two great limbs, and this provided food for conjecture as to whether or no it would split in the fall.

Meanwhile the heir of all the ages grew tired of waiting, and requested in words of command to be amused, so he was carried off to see the big tit, who, finding a

workman's basket hanging in a tree, thought it would be a convenient place for her nest. She and her mate carried in a host of rabbits' fur and a little moss, and there she laid her eight eggs. She sat contentedly as the basket was lifted down, and she was seemingly well pleased when she heard us promise the man a new basket if he would leave her to bring up her family undisturbed.

She knew well the wood was within easy reach of the Garden of Peace, and that she was safe.

There was a block on the line, and we asked the reason why?

"It's a bit decayed in the middle, lady, and the saw don't bite;" so the work was harder, and the cry of "halt" came at sharper intervals.

But at the same time, steadily and surely the teeth bit into the trunk, and the line crept nearer and nearer the notched mark.

Then a cry from a man, and they all sprang aside except the one who stood alone, so they knew the sound in the branches was only a cry of "wolf."

"You'd better take the young master a bit of a way up the path, sir. We're not certain sure of this tree."

The iron wedge was again inserted and

hammered home, echoed by baby hands in a fir hard by.

One more saw, and this time a slight sway and quiver of branches warned us the end was near. We held our breath, and I felt the same sort of feeling of awe and fear as when a great ship is just released and waits for a second before slipping into the water.

Then a mighty crash, and a tree which has lived so splendidly can live no more.

Can live no more?

Why, yes, on sea or land it may yet add to England's greatness and England's might.

We inspected the starlings in the hole, and hunger was still their only feeling, so we left them; and directly the spot was deserted back came the mother starling with her mouth full of food, and there close to the ground she reared her family, not a bit put out by the change of position.

Next day we went to watch the men wielding their barking knives, and we saw the strips of bark taken off and stacked, and days after the mighty work began of carting the huge monster stems away, a work which tried the brain of man and muscle of horse, and provided a fund of sensation and amusement, which lasted for months, to the heir of all the ages.

WAVERLEY ABBEY

"*. . . . They made themselves a part*
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart
That send no answer back again."

THE ruins "outside the garden" are of untold interest. Even to one who is no historian they must be a joy, for old memories bring great thoughts, and they in their turn crowd out the petty worries of every day and lift us into a clearer atmosphere.

The way to the ruins is through the rookery, then down the hill slippery with pine needles to the river, which is crossed by a foot-bridge, and through a gate a magic key of which we hold.

In spring the snow-capped hawthorn nestles amidst the ruins, in autumn scarlet ash-berries gleam against the grey stone. It was a quiet peaceful spot, and wood-pigeons built in the ivy unmolested until lately, when a learned society came bent on making great discoveries. Now the ground is covered with heaps of rubble, old ivy-stems are sawn in twain, monks

have been disturbed in their coffins, and—I suppose I must own it—great matters of interest have been unfolded and wonderful pieces of old ruin discovered.

I would fain have the place tenderly cared for by loving hands ; but with the uplifting of cowslips, daisies, and buttercups some of the perfect peace of the spot has been destroyed.

Waverley Abbey was the first Cistercian Abbey founded in England.

The origin of this Order is related to us by William of Malmesbury, who lived about the year 1140, and he tells us that "the Cistercian Order is now both believed and asserted to be the surest way to heaven. It redounds to the glory of England to have produced the distinguished man who was the author and promoter of that Rule. To us he belonged, and in our schools passed the earlier part of his life. He was named Harding, and born in England of no very illustrious parents." From Sherbourne he journeyed to Scotland, France, and afterwards to Rome, "with a clerk, who shared his studies; but no obstacles in his way, neither its length nor their poverty, prevented them from singing the whole Psalters daily, both as they went and re-

Waverley
Abbey

turned. Returning into Burgundy, he was shorn at Molesmes—a new and magnificent monastery. Here he soon learnt the deviations of monastic life from the primitive rule. The abbot and eighteen monks, among whom was Stephen Harding, left that abbey, declaring that the purity of the institution could not be preserved in a place where riches and gluttony warred against even the heart that was well inclined. They, therefore, retired to Cisteaux, and there founded the first house of the Cistercian Order."

From the Convent of d'Aumone, in Normandy, an offshoot of the great Cisteaux Abbey, came an Abbot and twelve monks in the year 1128 to England, and finding a convenient and remote spot by the river-side, there they took up their abode.

Waverley Abbey was founded by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, in the year 1128, and the rule of the abbey was strict and puritanical. Silence, severity, and services filled the daily round, with hard labour in between. They were to sleep "clad and girded" (which must have been very uncomfortable), and from the Ides to Easter they were only to have one meal a day.

Did they feast, think you, on the beauties of their surroundings? or did they feed on wild berries and honey to appease their hunger?

Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen and Abbot of Glastonbury, succeeded William Gifford at Waverley.

"Not a fragment," we read, "of the original Norman church of William Gifford remains." In 1203 the new church was commenced. "This was a cruciform edifice, and consisted of choir, transept, and nave, with a tower intersection." The length of the church was 322 feet, and the width at the transept 163 feet.

What a magnificent building it must have been!

William Alyng was the last Abbot of Waverley, and he surrendered the abbey and its estates to the King's Commissioner in 1536.

History tells us nothing of the fate of the abbot and monks, turned homeless into a rude world. Perhaps they took shelter in the woods. All we know is that the abbey was conferred on some royal favourite the same year, Sir William Fitz-Williams, Knight of the Garter; but he cannot have treated the gift with proper respect, for there is an old paper preserved at Loseley

which contains notices "of 'wagon loads of rubbish' brought from Waverley Abbey for the construction of that house, 1562–8."

The work of demolition began, and it is passing sad to think that to-day so little remains of the magnificent buildings. It is very interesting to note that Waverley had the privilege of "sanctuary," the feeling of which, in fancy, remains, for standing by the water under the beech-trees, with the old grey stone for background, and birds singing overhead, there is an indefinable sense of peace and security unfelt in the outside world.

There were very interesting annals kept by the monks, but only up to the year 1292. We read of a great storm in 1201; of a visit from King John in 1208; of floods and miracles, and regal displeasure and favour. We hear of a visit in 1245 from Princess Eleanor, wife of Simon de Montfort, who was so intent on visiting Waverley that she obtained a licence from the Pope himself. This was because no woman was ever admitted into the monasteries of the Cistercians. Why was she so anxious to pierce the silence and obscurity? Was it only woman's curiosity? History does not say. Perhaps some friend was buried behind a cowl, and she would

fain see his face once more. We are glad to hear she presented the house with fifty marks and divers gifts before she wended her way back to the world.

"Anno 1250. William de Ralegar, Bishop of Winchester, died in France. Before he left England he gave and confirmed to us by his charter a site for a fish-pond on his heath within his warren of Farnham ; which site begins from the little bridge beyond Tilford, extending itself by the water course, which is called Cricksledeburne, unto Cherte ; paying yearly for the aforesaid fishing, to him or his successors, the sum of half a mark. In this year the fish-pond was commenced, but is not yet finished."

It comforts my heart to think that the monks should have had a little recreation.

One of the last entries in 1283 brings a lesson home to us. Perhaps in the annals of to-day such an entry may be made.

" There was a dispute between Peter de Sancto Mario, Archdeacon of Surrey, and the Convent of Waverley, concerning the payment of small tithes. *The controversy was terminated by the Bishop, who was appointed arbitor.*"

Waverley Abbey

How little remains of the abbey! After crossing the bridge from the wood you see on the left, by the river, the refectory, the southern end of which, with its three lancet windows, is nearly entire, and also the east and west walls.

There is a wall which nearly connects the common-room and the guest-hall; a small portion of the latter remains, with its single line of Purbeck marble columns and delicate groinings. This part is beautiful still, and tells us of past magnificence.

There must have been rooms over the guest-hall, for part of the wall towers above the rest.

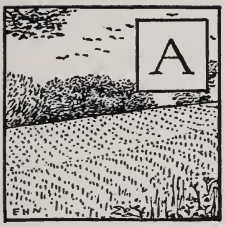
Little remains of the church on the north, —here and there a low wall, an indication of a buttress, a stone bench which probably ran the length of the building.

There is a marble coffin lying before the entrance to the choir, and "in the wall of the south transept is a remarkable recess, five feet deep and six feet wide. . . . This, without doubt, was a 'carrol' or small closet, fitted with shelves and lockers, to contain books for the use of scribes and studious monks."

It cannot be said of those days that of the making of books there is no end.

Books of to-day would hardly fit into a recess five feet by six!

Each stone is a history in itself and brings back the long-ago with all its pain and toil and all the self-sacrifice, but in this case, perhaps, without the love-light of to-day.



A PLOVER'S NEST

" Let me go forth, and share
The overflowing sun
With one wise friend, or one
Better than wise, being fair,
Where the peewit wheels and dips
On heights of bracken and ling,
And earth, unto her leaflet-tips,
Tingles with the spring."

PLOVERS' eggs in aspic may be a dainty dish, I grant, and welcomed by the *gourmet*, but plovers' eggs in the open field are one of the most interesting features of spring-time—that time of apple-blossom, and tree-buds, and lambs—and it is heart-breaking to think that the wholesale robbery of nests is fast leading to the extinction of this popular and handsome British bird.

Housewives, think for a moment before writing out your menu! It is only want of thought on your part. When you think of plucking the feathers from your hats let the eggs bide in the nest!

A walk up a red Surrey lane in April with open eyes for Nature's most perfect beauties discovers many treasures hidden from those who go blindfold through this beautiful world.

Under the green glossy leaves by the

oak copse sweet white violets peep cautiously and unfold their pink-tinged buds in answer to the sunbeam's kiss. Wordsworth's celandine shines in golden stars—

> ". . . the lesser celandine,
> That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;
> And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
> Bright as the sun itself, 'tis out again."

In the ditch by the beech hedge purple dead-nettle blossoms shyly flaunt the fashionable colour of the season, and where the wild strawberry blooms there is such a noise in the still bare hedge that folks are at once attracted to the spot to find a long-tailed tit's nest just completed.

A beautiful soft ball of moss it is, covered with lichen, woven together by a silken shroud borrowed from a spider's spinning wheel, with a hole in the side near the top, showing a home lined with countless feathers. In a charming nature book I read the other day the author told me that in one nest alone there were two thousand feathers. What a labour of love it must have been to gather together so many!

Foolish mad little tits to build on a roadside in a bare hedge, and right opposite a

gate leading to a farm, and then actually to call the passer-by to come and look at their work!

"It's sure to be seen," I said in a despairing voice.

"Well, there is nobody to blame but the tits themselves; how *could* they be so silly?" was the only comfort I got, as shadows and sunshine led the way up the hill to the peewit's field.

It was useless to think we could stand on the road on guard for weeks, and the tits must take their chance, but it was heartbreaking all the same.

To find a peewit's nest, on the contrary, is anything but an easy task, except to an expert. I crept quietly into the ploughed field. Overhead a lark was singing lustily, and on the brow a covey of red-legged partridges scuttled out of sight.

Then a plover arose and began to turn somersaults in the air, crying over and over again, "Pee-weet . . . weet, weet. Pee-weet . . . weet, weet," and flapping his wings wildly, producing the noise like the humming of a top or the striking of a violin string with the finger.

This, of course, was the male bird doing his level best to keep all the attention to himself; and he can hardly fail in his

endeavour, for it is marvellous what antics these birds go through on the wing.

They dart upwards, as if the sky itself was their goal, then, as if afraid of the sunlight, they suddenly sweep downwards, describing an "abrupt and wavy course with many turnings." Down almost to the ground at the intruder's feet, then up again to turn over and over in a wild sky dance.

All the while the cry is incessant, and the beating of the long pinions becomes louder and louder.

It was all to no effect. A quick eye detected a mother bird silently leave her nest, her grey crest clear against the sky line, and after running along a furrow fly silently over the thorn hedge into the next field.

Then the search began, backwards and forwards, carefully, and for a long time fruitlessly. Soon a friendly shepherd left his flock and crossed the plough.

"I'll show you the nest," he said, and after a moment's search and a long pause, "but you've nearly done for it this time;" and he showed me two footmarks, one on either side of the nest, where in the search I had made I had crossed the very nest itself.

A Plover's Nest

A few stray bents laid carelessly in a slight depression of the ground forms the peewits' home, and on this scanty surface lie the four dark olive-green eggs spotted with black, arranged crosswise, the four points touching each other in the centre.

These eggs soon get dusted with the brown earth, and of course this makes them still more difficult to find.

I bade the shepherd guard the eggs as he would guard his flock, and a grin acknowledged the promise of a reward if the eggs were hatched instead of being landed in aspic.

The "sounding flight and wailing cry" of the distressed male bird soon awoke another parent, and yet another, and soon five birds were wheeling away in the air overhead. But the first mother did not join in the wild dance. She watched silently with a beating heart behind the hedge, and she only slipped back to her nest when the enemy left the field.

Over and over again the same nest was revisited, and each time the same scene was witnessed, the mother bird leaving silently and reappearing again, as if by magic, when the coast was clear. Perhaps the male bird in the air gave her some sign

as he repeated "Pee-weet . . . weet, weet" in a minor key.

At last, during one visit, a glance at the bottom of the field revealed to me horses and men, and a sowing machine. Corn was being cast on the soft brown earth. This was an unforeseen danger. If the peewits were to be saved they must break the shell and run. Luckily baby peewits run very soon after they emerge from the shell.

It was the fifteenth day, so if only men and horses walk slow, or a kindly shower stays the work, my birds will be safe.

When I found the nest, with ever the same difficulty, three eggs were there, and in place of the fourth a flat black body was visible.

Louder and louder wailed the father in the air, as he turned over and swept up and down in a perfect rage of anxiety.

Surely the birdlet was dead? But a gentle poke with my finger produced a diminutive *piano* "pee-weet," a faint baby cry for his mother's warmth.

Then one of the other eggs moved, and the beak of an imprisoned birdlet gave a brave peck, and through the window of shell a second baby "dixhuit" took his

first glance out into a great unknown, cold, endless world. "Pee-weet . . . weet, weet," screamed his father, and I thought it best to beat a hasty retreat, for it is just as a bird leaves the shell that the mother is most sorely needed.

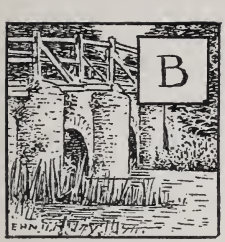
We read that sixty years ago, in one season, and from one marsh alone, two hundred dozen plovers' eggs were taken, and to-day the birds are far more scarce, and yet the eggs are persistently taken and persistently eaten.

"There used to be twenty thur in that field," grumbled an old weatherbeaten man as the lane was reached. "You ca' tell when a bird gets up whether 'e'd got eggs or whether 'e 'adn't," he went on moodily. "There's a deal o' people about now, there is." And with this parting shot he returned to his work.

At once the plovers ceased calling, for the intruders were out of sight. Of course the ideal lapwing would have led us out of the gate, feigning a broken wing or leg, but the real peewit only wails overhead, and fantastically twists and turns.

And the long-tailed tits? Two bright eyes peeped out of the hole in the side, and the trusting little bird sat quietly on until a fatal holiday came, and some cruel

boys passed along and took both nest and eggs. Then the homeless pair cried and twittered, but determined to be brave, and the very next day they flew into the Garden of Peace hard by, and began to build another nest on a branch of the Austrian pine in full view of the windows.



BY THE RIVER

"The rivulet,
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss with hollow harmony
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced; like childhood laughing as it went:
Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness."

OUTSIDE the garden there is a deep sandy lane which artists love to paint. It leads down to the river which winds up the vale to Tilford, and through the "one virgate of land at or near Waneford," an addition to the abbey land made by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, about the year 1150.

Waneford is the name of our ford in the hollow, and Waneford Mill is close at hand, where the water falls, making music for us all the year round.

A virgate, as you may know, is a quantity of land (say about thirty acres) supposed to be cultivated with a team of oxen, the "virga" being the rod with which they were driven.

Old names still linger in the fields, and it is by the old names which cottagers quote from generation to generation that we may learn more, if we stoop to listen,

than from the passing historian, who jumps to his own conclusion on some theory worked out by himself.

The Wey runs to the village between the Hanger and Til Hill, passing through hop gardens and meadows. Nightingales sing in the larch copse near Squire's Hill, and pausing one day in spring-time as we passed to the Green to hear them sing, we noticed the songs of other birds singing in chorus — whitethroat, thrush, blackbird, robin, wren, blue-tit, chaffinch, wood-wren, titlark, and hedge-sparrow.

Still above the number the nightingale sang supreme; no note of this bird can ever be mistaken for another, so finished and cultured is its sound.

There are two bridges on the Green, beautiful old stone bridges with buttressed sides and oaken posts, and they turn and twist with the road. Here the lads of the village fish for mythical three-pound trout, and in "hopping-time" the hoppers stand, and, seeing their faces reflected in the stream, deem it advisable to go down to the water's edge to wash away some of the smoke of London.

You can reach the river once more in the garden of the Barley Mow, there to catch a glimpse of our pied flycatcher,

The
North
Bridge

lately come to visit the village, and then past the King's Oak turn in at a gate by the old Malt House.

Tilford House, near by, was built by the Abneys; Sir Thomas Abney was Lord Mayor of London in 1700, and my theory is (I like to have one for a change sometimes) that the Malt House belonged to the big house of the village, though it is certainly much older.

Dr. Watts, of "How doth the Little Busy Bee" repute, was Sir Thomas's chaplain, and visited here; but the chapel where he was said to preach was, alas! built after his death, and even I cannot lend myself to circulate that report!

The children were trooping out of school across the Green as we opened the gate. Many more boys than girls fill our school, so Tilford should be a stronghold of manly strength in the days to come.

Overhead a whitethroat sang as if its little heart must burst with song, and the sun made the red sorrel in the meadow and the golden buttercups shine like jewels.

I never saw flowers bloom so gladly as they did in the garden of the old Malt House. A row of slender striped purple iris, pink and white pinks, marigolds, larkspur, and monthly roses. Here and there

an early sweet pea sown in the autumn, and against the black boarded barn a bush of elder in full flower, great white patches on the dark background.

By the river the brown sand-martins flew incessantly to and fro, and a young water-wagtail stood on a stone pretending to catch at flies and failing in the attempt.

Gaudy iridescent dragon-flies dashed down the stream, every now and again hovering over a flower; and a kingfisher, bluer and brighter than any kingfisher ever were before, passed up the water just to let us know he was there because he knew we loved him well.

This beautiful "gem of the water" is a particular favourite of ours, and they build in the red sand just above our wishing-well by the river. We do not know whether the hole was burrowed by a sand-martin, but we watch the place jealously, because one morning a cruel boy was seen trying to take the nest.

As we dip for water we hear the little ones crying for food, and so we hurry away, fearing lest we might startle the mother bird returning up stream with her prey.

One hot June morning I made up my mind to watch the halcyons, so went through the wood and sat down by the river a little

way from the well, hoping to make a study. I heard the nestlings calling, so I knew they were safe, although I could not see into the hole. The nest I knew was made of a collection of small fish bones,and there were six or eight pearly-white eggs a short time since.

On the other side of the river a wren sat on a bough of an overhanging tree, and made the greatest commotion I ever heard. He scolded me in the wildest and most unpardonable manner, and though I assured him I meant no harm, and had not come to interfere with him in any way, he went on abusing me. In a minute or two, while he still expostulated at the top of his voice, his tiny mate flew across my path just at my feet and disappeared under the bank by my side. Her heart was beating, and it took all her courage to brave my presence, but then her children were hungry, and it did no good to any one to sit swearing up in a tree instead of doing her duty. In another second she flitted out across the water, and soon returned with a still more dainty morsel. I knew she was vexed with her husband for making such a noise and doing nothing, for she never went near him or even glanced in his direction ; she had a supreme contempt for his want of courage,

but then she knew a secret which he could not fathom—that a mother's love is ready to overcome any difficulty.

I waited and waited, and still the kingfisher came not, and I grew a little weary, for I was vexed at the wren's want of trust.

At last, "swift as a meteor's shooting flame," the beautiful little blue bird, long of bill and short of tail, darted up the stream with a fish in his mouth, and his mate following uttered a wild piping cry, which these birds always utter on wing.

Seeing me they flashed past and played hide-and-seek behind a bush near their hole. Then in one went, and the little ones cried aloud for glee.

Soon off went the pair to fish again, and I waited their return. Just under the little bridge close by there was a bough across the water, which made a splendid place to sit and fish from, and here one kingfisher sat and waited for his prey.

Even in death the kingfisher possesses strange powers. It is a "curious wind vane." The dead body hangs in a cottage, and ever turns its breast towards the quarter from which the wind is blowing. Some think the beak is the pointer, but this cannot be, for it is often hung by the bill, so the

whole body turns to meet the breeze. Why should this be? We cannot tell. So many legends breathe around the beautiful halcyon, and I feel I could sit on lazily all the day long watching the rapid flight and flash of blue, and listening to the piping cry which ever heralded their coming.

Sometimes these birds indulge in a wild gambol together in the air, round and round our field, crying the while, and for the moment forgetting their children and their work. It is pretty to see them as they fly backwards and forwards in play, gleaming in the sun like jewels, and chasing one another from tree to tree. Then suddenly back they go to the river, overcome by the realities of life.

A STUDY IN SQUIRRELS

". . . light of heart, and glad,
Nothing can ever make a squirrel sad."

EVERY one knows a squirrel by sight, but few people—when you come to question them — have really made a study of this interesting and fascinating little animal.

To gain all possible local knowledge, we felt a country yokel should first be interrogated as to their ways and habits. So we accosted one. Oh, yes! he knew all about squirrels, of course. Could he tell us something about them? we questioned eagerly. "Well," he said, after scratching his head and cogitating a long while, as if he were building up a history of the species, "well —they have lots of fleas!"

As this was all the information forthcoming, we thought it best to learn for ourselves. Under a Spanish chestnut-tree is the best place to make a study of squirrels, when Autumn dons her garments of crimson and gold, and the ripe nuts burst the husks. John Evelyn writes in his

"Sylva": "If you design to set these nuts in winter or autumn, I counsel you to inter them within their hulks, which, being everywhere around, are a good protection against the mouse, and a providential integument." And Pliny, from this natural guard, concludes them to be excellent food. It was Cæsar who transplanted them from Sardis first into Italy, whence they were propagated into France, and thence among us. The hulks—as Evelyn says—may be a good protection underground against mice, but on the trees they tempt the squirrels to peep within, for the branches seem alive with the gay little acrobats who "make hay while the sun shines" with all their might.

A squirrel comes from the wood and gallops across the grass and under the shrubs, then races up the trunk and sniffs around, exchanging a merry greeting with the rest of his family; then, as he scratches his head daintily with his hind paw, he catches sight of a bunch of chestnuts at the end of a bough, and with a leap and a bound reaches the spot.

He picks off a green, prickly husk, and turning it round and round in his front paws finds the best place to open it. Then he nibbles down the slit and takes out the

biggest nut, letting the rest fall to the ground. Of course the nut has to be peeled, and the long feathery tail is curled tightly over his back in excitement. When peeled it is eaten up in no time, and I must own somewhat greedily; for, when finished, the little animal has to take a rest, clasping his front paws tightly across his chest, wishing all the time he had the power to begin again at once.

As he sits quietly blinking and winking, now and then cocking up his ears, a young squirrel runs madly up the trunk gobbling to himself, then, turning round on a bough about ten feet from the ground, begins flourishing his tail wildly and barking at the human watcher below. I began to feel quite nervous. The sound is like some one kissing very loudly, and it really is very comical to see a squirrel in a passion. He will sit up, bend one paw towards his white waistcoat as if he was making a speech full of spiteful abuse, then make the curious little noise again, jerk his tail violently, turn round and round, and bow to the intruder, requesting her energetically, not to say rudely, to go away at once.

The old squirrel, hearing all the fuss, raced headlong down the trunk to my feet,

and stood looking up at me, sniffing angrily, as much as to say, "What *are* you doing here, trespassing in *my* preserves?" and with a look in his face which betokened a bad word.

It never seemed to strike him for a moment that he was eating *my* nuts and making an untidy litter on my paths. But I suppose he guessed I should not be angry and would only laugh at his insolence.

Squirrels build their nests high up in trees or in the hollow of a decayed bough, and make them of grass, moss, and leaves, woven together artistically, and quite impermeable to rain. Fleas are to be found there in plenty, but not the eggs that one lady I know expected to find.

There are three or four young at a litter born in the middle of summer, and all the family cling together till the following spring, when the young have to shift for themselves. Their nest is called a "drey" in Hampshire, and in Suffolk a "bay."

Gilbert White, writing in 1767, says: "A boy has taken three little squirrels in their drey. These small creatures he put under the care of a cat who had lately lost her kittens, and finds that she nurses and suckles them with the same assiduity and affection as if they were her own offspring.

. . . So many people went to see the little squirrels suckled by a cat that the foster-mother became jealous of her charge and in pain for their safety ; and therefore hid them over the ceiling, where one died."

The squirrel lays up stores of provision for the winter, hiding nuts and acorns in holes and corners near the tree which they inhabit. Wood tells us that they never forget where they have hidden their treasures, and will even scrape away the snow to find the *cache ;* but this I doubt somewhat, for their hiding-places are so numerous that it would be impossible to remember them all.

Often a squirrel will gallop across the grass with a huge husk in his mouth, and another, catching sight of the vanishing dainty, will race madly after him, having quite a game of follow-my-leader up one tree and down another, till both disappear from view into the wood.

In a neighbouring garden, where peacocks strut and spread their tails in the sunlight, these little animals have grand games. They climb on to the tool-house which overlooks the peacocks' lawn, and watch till the beautiful birds are fed. Then they throw down fir-cones, nutshells, or beech-mast to entice the peacocks away,

and when the coast is clear scramble down and gobble up the grain, laughing to themselves, merry little fellows! as they wave their tails joyously. Back come the peacocks, furious at having been taken in, and away race the squirrels to the roof, where the practical joke is again played, and the foolish birds are tempted off once more.

A squirrel will eat many things besides nuts and grain ; he occasionally varies his diet with young birds, eggs, and insects, and has been detected in the act of plundering a nest. Bulbs, too, are stolen in the early morning, and then comes the grave question, "Shall flowers or squirrels be sacrificed?" The squirrel laughs, for he knows the answer; but I feel cross, so cross that he runs and hides till I have finished my scolding.

One of the prettiest sights in the autumn is to watch the little animal nibbling a crimson fungus under the blue firs. It is the edible boletus that he chooses for his feast, and he avoids with marvellous instinct the gorgeous orange-capped fly agaric growing by its side, for he knows that it is poisonous, and will not be tempted by the white flakes on the flame-coloured ground which make such a striking feature in the woods.

He stands on his hind legs, with his tail stiff and erect, and nibbles round and round the fungus, using his little paws to hold a dainty morsel which has been broken off in haste. He does not mind being watched, every now and then giving a sniff, as much as to say, "I suppose it's all right; I know I can trust you;" and then, startled by some sudden noise, he rushes up a tree, and, taking shelter behind a bough, peeps round cautiously to see what has happened.

The distance a squirrel will leap from bough to bough, or trunk to trunk, I think is appalling, but they never seem to miss their footing. I give them many a warning, and assure them if they are not careful they will have an accident some day, but they take no heed. I have known one fall seventy feet and not be a whit disconcerted, for he spreads out his legs and tail and falls lightly, pausing for just one moment to take breath, and then off again to the highest tree in the wood.

In the winter a squirrel's fur turns very grey, but this varies with the cold, his coat being at its best when his sides are sleek and fat, and his ears and tail long and feathery, and this is when nuts are ripe or golden leaves carpet the ground under the Spanish chestnut-trees.

THE KING'S OAK

"Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sound of unintelligible speech."

ON our village Green there is an oak which lately has given rise to controversy, simply because (as I have said before) people will not take old traditions on faith, and will try, in this work-a-day world of to-day, to kill romance.

If you came on the Green with me I would tell you all about the oak, for I am proud of our village landmark ; and as for Cobbett and his Rural Rides, I will have none of him, for he tried in his rude way to make out that our oak was a young tree in his day, while any one knowing in timber can see at a glance that the tree must be many hundreds of years old.

Up to fifty or a hundred years a tree grows at a varying pace, but after that period they grow in girth at a fixed certain rate every fifty years. I forget the exact measure ; but put to this test the Tilford oak nears its thousandth birthday.

The trunk is twenty-four feet six inches in girth about five feet from the ground, where it is smallest, and this splendid specimen grows near the river, spreading its giant arms north, south, east, and west.

In an old plan dated 1776, this oak is named "Novel's Oak," the why and wherefore nobody knows. The oldest man in the village hears the name of "Novel," but that will not help us to a solution.

In Manning and Bray's "Surrey" we read the following, and to this I pin my faith. "In the Charter granted by Bishop Henry de Blois about the year 1150 to the monks of Waverley he gives them leave to enclose their lands wherever they please within their bounds; which extend," says the record, "from the oak at Tilford, which is called Kynghoc, by the king's highway towards Farnham even unto Wynterbourne and hence by the bank which runs from Farnham to the hill which is called Richard's hulle, and by crossing that hill and the bridge of Waneford even unto the meadow of Tilford which is called Ilvetham's mede and then upwards directly to the aforesaid oak. . . ."

What more proof do we need? This oak is surely mentioned in Doomsday Book—the knotty oak of England, the

The
King's Oak

"unwedgable and gnarlèd oak," as Shakespeare called it. The oak is the property of the Bishop of Winchester, so we hope that it is in safe hands.

"The people in this tithing hold this tree in such great estimation that some years ago, upon hearing it was the intention of the Bishop of Winchester to take it down, they drove in a great number of spikes and large nails to prevent its being cut." It was Brownlow North who was cruel enough, for the love of gold to think of spoiling our village of its greatest treasure, and I can picture the angry villagers wrathfully hammering at an iron head. The Bishop shrugged his shoulders and the people frowned, but the tree stands!

Some feet from the ground a great arm has been sawn off. This was the branch on which a monk of Waverley was hung, and the bough withered and died. No sap would rise after such a sin, no leaves could burst their bud.

In a very old book on "Timber Trees" I read the following description: "A fine oak is one of the most picturesque of trees. It conveys to the mind associations of strength and duration which are very impressive. The oak stands up

against the blast, and does not take, like other trees, a twisted form from the action of the winds. Except the cedar of Lebanon, no tree is so remarkable for the stoutness of its limbs: they do not exactly spring from its trunk, but divide from it; and thus it is sometimes difficult to know which is stem and which is branch. The twisted branches of the oak, too, add greatly to its beauty; and the horizontal direction of its boughs, spreading over a large surface, completes the idea of its sovereignty over all the trees of the forest. Even a decayed oak—

> '—— dry and dead,
> Still clad with reliques of its tropies old,
> Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head,
> Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold'—

even such a tree as Spenser has thus described is strikingly beautiful: decay in this case looks pleasing."

This will serve as a description of our oak whose acorns drop over the wall into the publican's garden, and are treasured as they spring into life, offspring of such a noble sire.

It is strange and wonderful to think of all the village history that this tree has shadowed. The little child has played

around the roots, young men and maidens have stood whispering love vows beneath its shade, old men have rested against its trunk, weary and worn with work, waiting the call to another land where it is always spring.

"The tree is dying, but it will last our time," this generation says, and the coming generation is not old enough to care.

From the King's Oak we turn across the Green to the Queen's Oak, and must here record its coming.

There is a day marked in the annals of our village which will remain "a red letter" day for all the time to come. It was the day when the Queen's Oak was planted. It will grow and spread its branches as the old oak withers and dies, but an oak shall ever be a feature on Tilford Green, and will keep up the character of the sweetest corner in Surrey.

It was the villagers' own day: nobody else interfered, and the idea originated with Farmer Cæsar himself and carried out by those who knew him well.

The children of the village, high and low, were to plant the tree, and the schoolmaster found it impossible that morning to rivet any attention, and so gave up school in despair, which shows such enthusiasm

on the part of the young generation as to fill the elders with pride.

It was cold, and now and then a shower fell, but nobody minded, and spectators even forgot to put up an umbrella.

A deep hole had been dug the day before, and the best loam in the district emptied there. A grand young tree had been purchased, the largest procurable, and a good gardener's services bespoken.

Early in the afternoon two waggons, dressed with coloured drapery and evergreens, wended their way to the school, and soon were packed with twelve boys and twelve girls armed with spades and wearing coloured scarves. Then the procession was formed, headed by the village band and followed by all the school children bearing flags.

They travelled round the Green, and as the procession passed the King's Oak a voice called "Halt!" in military fashion, and every one saluted the old tree while the band played "Hearts of Oak."

And you tell me gravely romance is dead!

Then again the little line re-formed, and the sober old cart horses, exhilarated by the martial music, tried to clumsily prance and amble as they were led to their destination.

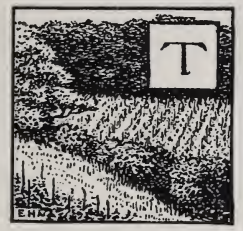
A group of children were formed round the hole, and the vicar of the parish then gave an interesting discourse to the little crowd, first on the old oak and then on our good Queen, whose jubilee year the young sapling was to commemorate.

Slowly and softly, to the tune of the National Anthem, the tree was raised into position and held there by the oldest man in the parish and the youngest child in the school.

The coming generation filled in the earth and every one added a spadeful, while the heir of all the ages dodged in and out, digging manfully, absolutely unconscious of all save the feeling of utter happiness in having so much earth to toy with at will.

"God bless him," said the old men and women, and these blessings seem to wrap round his life.

There were cheers, and more music, and then sweets and buns for the children, and endless good cheer; and the Queen's Oak flourishes and bids fair in a thousand years or more to take the place of the old tree we are so proud of to-day.



THE KEEPER'S GAME LARDER

" Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day ;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep."

OUR garden may verily be called a sanctuary for birds, but outside the garden, in the wood, life is not so secure, for an enemy lurks, gun in hand, in the person of the keeper, and, alas! many small larders point to the success of his warfare.

The path across the road to the rookery, over the bracken and under the oaks, leads past a drive between huge pine-trees, the green close sward bordered by a miniature forest of silver birch saplings growing in soft tangled undergrowth.

At the foot of one of these pines, resting on a bed of moss and pine needles, there lay in the autumn sunshine a heap of massacred jays—twenty or thirty beautiful soft brown birds, with blue-barred wings drooping helplessly. They lay in pathetic attitudes, appealing to all that is tender in the heart of the passer-by to raise a voice in their defence.

One jay's head rested lovingly on the breast of her mate, whose wing was outstretched as if to try to guard his dear one. Others lay piled in rude disorder, only glints of wing-blue showing the bodies were there. In a day or two they were hanging to a birch-tree as a warning to their fellows, and the sight was a sadder one, for you could count the number more perfectly.

"They eats eggs and kills young birds, they do," said the stern judge with a joyless grin, and a bitter contempt for my tender feelings as I made a speech in the jays' defence.

Of course I will not deny the fact that jays do sometimes eat eggs, but surely that is no reason for slaughtering them wholesale.

A little farther on, in the wood, soft velvety moles hung on a bough of a mountain-ash, bright red berries contrasting with the black skins of the poor little animals. Podgy pink hands were outstretched in protest against the crass ignorance of the race in whose service they were working.

By the keeper's gate hung the long distended bodies of a stoat and two weasels, while overhead a hawk hovered, apparently attracted by the head of his mate, which

was nailed, with other trophies, against the barn door.

Round the house, under the eaves, and over the herring-boned brickwork, hung the skulls of cats—at a distance it looked like an artificial beading—all that remained of the pet cats belonging to the old women in the neighbourhood.

Cats are hopeless poachers, and when once they have taken a fancy for sport it remains inherent in them, and death is the only remedy.

Under the cats hung a beautiful white owl, which was the last proof that the keeper was an ignorant fellow!

Short papers written for the conversion of gamekeepers and farmers are published from time to time by the Society for the Protection of Birds, and all bird lovers ought to keep a store in hand.

One on owls, I read once, contained a wealth of useful information, which was published none too soon, for owls are almost extinct in some parts of the country. We are told that the owl, if we only would believe it, is the greatest friend the farmer and keeper possess, and that our ancestors "always made in their barns an ingress for owls—an owl-hole, with often a stone perch," and we are bidden follow Charles

Waterton's advice to build a home for owls in our garden.

"I made a place with stone and mortar, about four feet square, and fixed a thick oaken stick firmly in it. Huge masses of ivy now quite cover it. In about a month or so after it was finished a pair of barn-owls came and took up their abode in it. . . . This year I have had four broods, . . . and it will help to supply the place of those which in this neighbourhood are still unfortunately doomed to death."

Hawks by day quarter the fields and catch cockchafers and mice, and when they are tired, owls by night take up the work, and help farmers to get rid of the damaging vermin.

"In game-preserving districts where owls have been shot down and exterminated, the inevitable results have followed — viz., swarms of rats and mice in such numbers as to constitute a plague."

Some statistics given are worthy of note, though I grant statistics ever weary one.

Seven hundred and six pellets of the barn-owl were examined, and in these were found remains of sixteen bats, three rats, two hundred and thirty-seven mice, six hundred and ninety three voles, one thou-

sand five hundred and ninety shrews, and twenty-two small birds. These twenty-two small birds consisted of nineteen sparrows, a greenfinch, and two swifts!

Surely we do not grudge the owl the sparrows, when we find there was not a single trace of a young game bird.

Other examinations of pellets of tawny and long-eared owls were just as satisfactory. "It has been computed that an owl, when it has young, will bring a mouse, &c., to its nest every fifteen minutes." Happily a law is passed in some counties, that whosoever takes or destroys an owl's egg is liable to a penalty of one pound. Richard Jefferies tells us that no fewer than two hundred owls were taken in one pole-trap in a plantation of young firs.

I read another paper on woodpeckers, but here keepers are not so much to blame as they used to be. They do not shoot the beautiful green yaffle nowadays, or the big and lesser black and white woodpeckers which visit our garden. "A generation ago these birds were classed as vermin. There are few, if any, English manors where the register of game and vermin has been kept for so many years as at Lord Malmesbury's beautiful place, Heron Court. There are some mournful entries in the list of vermin

destroyed by the keepers during a single year—1852. Among them figure no less than fifty woodpeckers, owing, no doubt, to the same groundless suspicion that caused the destruction during the same period of two hundred and fifty hedgehogs—viz., that they devoured the eggs of game. The hedgehog, alas! still figures in the black list of most gamekeepers; but few are so ignorant now as to molest the yaffle." One amusing reason is given why this bird escapes destruction. We are told that "the breastbone has been pared away in a remarkable manner so as to clear the trunk in ascending, for the gaffle never 'climbs down.' This characteristic formation of the breastbone has been an advantage to him in a way that can hardly have been foreseen when it was planned in Nature's workshop. The resulting shallowness of the pectoral muscles—which render the breast almost devoid of flesh—is the reason why omnivorous man has never admitted the green woodpecker to his larder. Even in France, where everything at all edible is turned to immediate use for the table, nobody has yet concocted a palatable dish of *Piverts*."

There are many papers written on hawks, for they live so largely on insects and mice

that the ill they do is far outweighed by the good.

Game-preserving goes very far to preserve our beautiful woods and wild commons, and serves as a splendid protection for wildfowl and herons, and the numerous small birds which haunt our woods and waters' side; but on the other hand—sometimes—too many birds are sacrificed to the rearing of young pheasants, probably because keepers will not understand that the food they scatter attracts jays and other birds, as it does rats and mice, on which hawks and owls feed.

If we interfere with Nature's laws, somebody or something must suffer, and there is no County Council in the United Kingdom which ought not to pass every law in their power for the protection of wild birds.

Why will men sit at home, smoking comfortably in armchairs, quite ready to say "What a shame it is," yet never raising a finger or pen in defence of our sweet feathered friends?

Kingfishers, in the same way, are being destroyed by the hundred by trout-breeders.

If a strange bird is visible, the hedge-popper will promptly appear as if by magic. The other day a farmer down in our

village winged a white owl, and excused himself for the crime by saying he thought it was a grey rook!—perhaps the very grey rook which is a dear familiar friend to all living on the village Green.

"To kill" is the one verb men and boys of every rank seem to conjugate faultlessly.

FARNHAM CASTLE

" The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

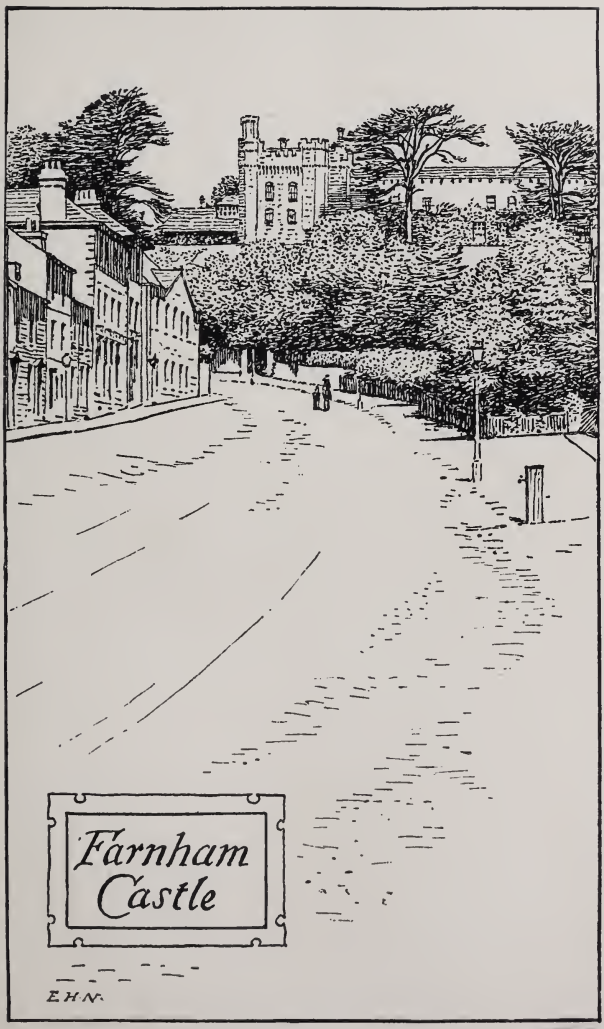
"NO Bishop of Winchester," wrote Dr. Thorold, "can spend a single hour at Farnham without appreciating his immense obligations to great and splendid ancestors, who, whether by learning or statesmanship, by patronage of letters or great erudition, by love of good men or by suffering for the truth's sake, have dignified the ancient See;" so his first care on being translated was to spend thousands of pounds on the restoration of the episcopal palace, and by his munificence and bequests he has lightened the burdens of his successors for some generations.

The Castle stands on the top of a steep hill above the town of Farnham, and can be seen in its frame of trees from a long distance; it stands like a stronghold of the Church, a guardian of religious rights.

It is built of red brick, the castellated

towers and battlements conveying an intense feeling of immense—though now needless—strength. Passing through the massive gate in the tower and by the lawn, the entrance is reached, and a long flight of stone steps leads to the front door. Inside, the great dining-hall is the main feature of the building, with the huge coloured windows on one side and galleries running round it at different heights, from over the dark balustrades of which spectators can witness what goes on below. The stone flooring of the hall, which had been there from time immemorial, has now been replaced by wooden parqueterie. Endless staircases lead from it to the drawing-rooms and bed-chambers, and it will give some idea of the labyrinth of stairs in the Castle when it is stated that it took one mile and a hundred yards to carpet the whole.

To one standing on the terrace outside on a summer's evening the scene presented is one of the most gracious in the South of England. The wide, stately street far below the Castle reminds one of a foreign town, at the end of which there once rode King Charles, after sleeping in West Street, on the way to the scaffold at Whitehall. The red roofs of the houses


Farnham
Castle
E.H.N.

catch orange and purple lights from the setting sun; and from the curling wreaths of blue smoke the old church tower of Farnham rises majestically, while the soft blue-green of the hopbines border the buildings, and a mist rises in the meadows from the Wey, whose very waters attracted Izaac Walton himself.

Beyond the town the fir-capped hill of Crooksbury stands clear against the sky above the woods of Moor Park. Fancy pictures Sir William Temple in his garden, and whilst that statesman in his retirement plans some fresh parterre, Swift, seeing his master engaged, steals up the path to the steward's cottage to seize a kiss from Stella. It was nothing to his secretary, as he courted in his quaint, rough way the patient maiden, that Sir William should lay down the law about gardening. It is everything to us. "The part of your garden next your house," he wrote (and the advice is good), "should be a parterre for flowers, or grass-plots bordered with flowers; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all in grass-plots and gravel-walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues; otherwise, if large, they have an ill effect upon the eye."

Again, in the woods touching Moor Park, the monks of Waverley can be pictured pacing to and fro, and the ruined abbey is once more peopled by devout men who gave up their lives to good works.

The Manor of Farnham came into the custody of the See A.D. 860, when Swithen was Bishop and Alfred King; but it was not till early in the reign of Stephen, 1136, that the Castle was built by his brother, Henry de Blois, then Bishop of Winchester and Abbot of Glastonbury. It was taken by the Dauphin of France in 1216, to be restored the following year, and again retaken and partially destroyed by insurgent barons, to be first restored by Peter de Rupilus about 1227. Adam de Orlton, Bishop of Winchester, died in 1345, and was succeeded by William de Edyngdon, "who was appointed by the King, Prelate of the newly instituted Order of the Garter, an honour which has ever since been held by his successors to the See." And round the walls of the new drawing-room hang portraits of the "Garter Bishops," some originals and some copies, which Bishop Thorold collected together and bequeathed to the Castle, so that all might be impressed by the dignity and importance of the office.

The Castle was for several years the headquarters of the Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller, and Oliver Cromwell wrote letters, dated Farnham Castle, which are still extant.

Kings and Queens have supped and slept at the Castle. Queen Mary came as Gardiner's guest on her way to Winchester to marry Philip. Queen Elizabeth often lodged there; James I. was entertained by Bishop Andrews; and so down to George III., a very frequent guest, and our own Queen Victoria. The last view we have of the Castle as a fortress was in 1648, and when Bishop Morley succeeded to the See, he in a great measure restored it to its present state, and between 1662 and 1684 he spent over £10,000 upon it.

The keep, which still dominates the Castle, is the most striking feature of the whole episcopal pile; it dates, perhaps, from Henry III., and was first restored—so it is supposed—by Richard Fox, who, during the last years of his life, was totally blind. A steep, rugged stair leads up from the dungeons below, and a second stone staircase from the garden; and when the top is reached it is hard to realise the bloodshed and carnage, the fierce attacks and defence, and the horrors of civil war,

which the old stones bore witness to once upon a time, when you come suddenly upon a peaceful old-world garden on a level with the top of the highest cedar.

Sir Peter Mew, the soldier-Bishop, is said to have been the first to make a garden on the top of the keep (about 1684), for he planted a wilderness of fruit-trees there. He served in the army as a captain in the early part of his life, and even when a Bishop he did not lose his military tendencies, for he materially assisted in gaining the victory of Sedgemoor—amongst other ways, by taking the horses out of his carriage and harnessing them to the guns. But it was the princely Bishop Sumner who first converted the entire top of the keep into a flower garden, and Bishop Thorold and our present Bishop perfected it.

It is like a dream to lean against the old weatherbeaten walls so many feet from the ground, and see the flowers in all their beauty. Groups of white madonna lilies catch the soft pink light from the setting sun, crimson love-lies-bleeding hangs its velvet head, and canterbury-bells ring their chimes in silence. "Roses and honeysuckle," said the Bishop, "pinks and carnations, hollyhocks and sunflowers, sweet

peas and nasturtiums, and Prince of Wales's feathers, red, white, and tiger lilies, oceans of mignonette, thickets of sweetbriar, snapdragon, and London-pride, sweet-william and lavender, shall have undisputed sway and dominion here, in a garden such as would have pleased Lady Corisande, and in which Swift, if he could walk over from Moor Park hard by, might for an hour be coaxed out of his savage disdain."

SPRING IDYLL

"Thou art but a word of his speech,
Thou art but a wave of his hand;
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach;
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,
Or a moment's mood of his soul:
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir
That chant the chant of the whole."

THE hazels are covered with their catkins, and the sallows with their down. Over the woods a soft pink blush is spreading, and the young larches are breathing forth their delicate green.

Nothing awakes "the pines that dream"; even herons building in their topmost branches cannot disturb them; but their sombre hue makes a dark background to touches of the finger-tips of the spirit world. Here and there the artist Nature has passed a wash of purple, and shadows from the quickly passing clouds make the colours gleam.

The heart of Spring is throbbing—throbbing. It is felt in the air as daffodils burst their buds and primroses and bluebells begin to show they are alive in their bed of brown dried leaves.

In the woodland garden, where "undulating stretches of sylvan anemones" are

found, Nature has planted her beds with a lavish hand. There is no stint in her orders, no lack of bulbs to carpet her ground blue ; no formality in arrangement, but rampant grouping making an absolute perfect parterre of the wildness.

Over the sward and in and out of the saplings birds are courting in pairs, and chase each other between the boughs, thoroughly enjoying their love-days before the serious work of nesting begins.

A cold shower cannot destroy the truth, for down by the copse two little bird notes are heard, making it certain that spring is here, and, after spring, summer.

The chiffchaff has arrived—first of the migrant warblers, little restless olive-green bird, hardly bigger than a golden-crested wren ; and a thrill of thanksgiving that winter has vanished passes over the world as he sings his song for the first time.

"Chiff-chaff, chiff-chaff." Yes, we hear you, little *compteur d'argent*, and in answer to your song red shoots pierce the brown earth, and green points show themselves unfolding in the sun.

This little harbinger of spring winters in the southern parts of the Continent, and sometimes will not come till April, but

here he stays till October turns the woodland into red and gold.

Out in the meadow the first lambs try to make up their minds to frisk, but if one day is warm and they can enjoy life, their spirits are damped on the morrow as a cold wind blows, and they try to shelter themselves against their unsympathetic mothers.

Yellow crocuses come peering up from the mould, and point a golden finger straight to the sun, while their purple and white companions follow the yellow's lead. Down the shaft of a sunbeam Spring whispers to the blue scillas to lift their heads from between their green curtains, and snowdrops gently nod as the soft air sways their delicate stalks.

But the trees are still, some of them, brown and bare, for they have made up their minds to be hard-hearted, and refuse to hear the chiffchaff and the love-songs of the birds, or notice the grey-blue nuthatches, with their soft chestnut breasts, as they creep up their branches bearing the glad tidings. They are looking for a hole to nest in, but soon grow weary of their task, and with a cry fly off to a *cache* they have in an old wall, full of nuts supplied by generous donors during the long frost.

A Spring Idyll

"New life, new love, new leafage," the throstle sings, like the mad little poet he is, in the Spanish chestnut, as the sun sets; and the lark wakes with the dawn, the spring-time bubbling in his throat. "Every great poet has a power of restoring to us some of the freshness of an early world," just as spring brings life to the earth. Even bees, when the sun shines, have found out the plants of early heather, and hum with delight at the promise of sweet honey hidden in the pink bells, and pay no heed to, and will not even pass the time of day with a yellow sulphur butterfly, who looks like a glint of gold as he flies across the rhododendrons, or with a red admiral searching the herbaceous border for an early blossom of polyanthus or amethyst primrose.

> "Leafless, stemless, floating flower,
> From a rainbow's scattered bower."

That is the poet's idea, but butterflies are really the souls of the fairies if only the secret were better known; and they come to life at the throbbing of spring, for they can hear the mystical whispering of the buds, and the moving of plant-life under the brown earth.

As yet it is only a mystical whispering,

but soon as the vernal season advances, when the sun shines through the woodland, the bursting of the marvellous buds is clearly heard by the human ear, and from the buds, in all their wonderment, the soft young green will shyly unfold, and the fern-fronds unfurl, till the bareness of winter is hidden and the glory of summer —that dream of lilies and roses—will be realised.

The unfolding will need faith and patience, but it is the time of the genesis of living things. The long frost has vanished, signs of life are seen on every side; but, through all the greenness, and rare tints, and tender buds, in song of birds and whispers from flowers, in the April shower and soft airs, the mystery of spring remains.

BLACK LAKE

"The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream."

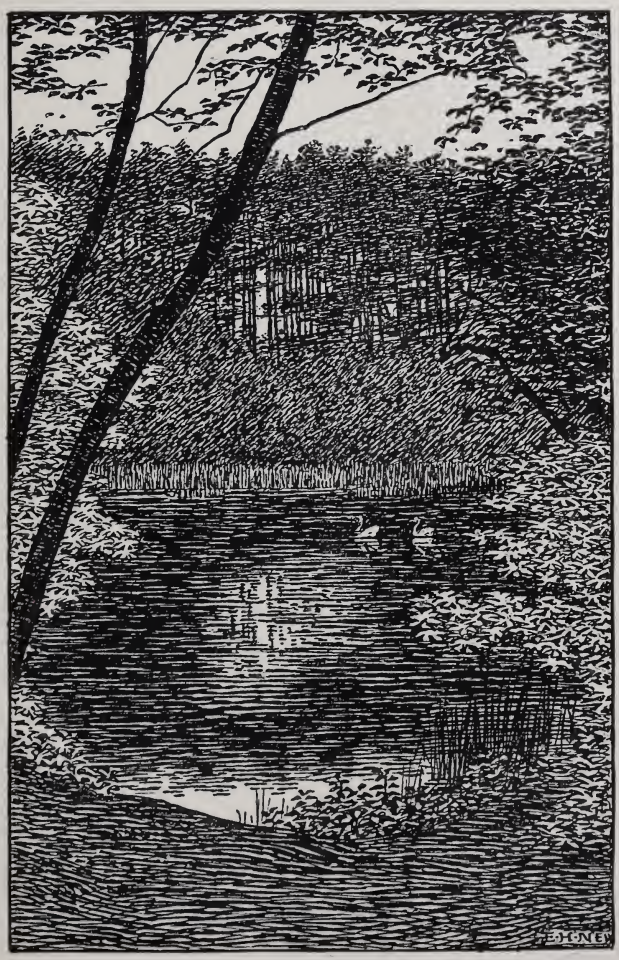
IN March the interest for the naturalist and botanist ceases, to a certain degree, for awhile. Birds have hardly begun their nests, the summer migrants have not arrived, flowers and ferns are still at rest, the buds of trees are folded in mystery, and Nature is not yet awake.

She is gathering up all her strength to blossom into life, and even in the garden the coming glories have all to be taken on trust. It is only by the river or water-side that we can study life, and just before sunset is the time to visit the Surrey ponds. Some of the ponds are on the open heath, but the Black Lake is within easy distance of the Garden of Peace. Down our red sandy lane, with overhanging root-bound banks, and over the Wey—by the side of which an almond-tree too eager for leaf has burst into blossom, and the palm is fast turning her silver to gold—we reach a

gate which leads to the wild-fowl's private haunt. The way from the gate to the Black Lake winds through a fir wood, and little heaps of white sand burrowed out by rabbits shine like milestones through the brilliant green fern-moss and on the dusky-brown pine needles. The stillness, broken only by the creak of branches or occasional songs of birds, accentuates the solitude of the spot, which becomes almost oppressive, until suddenly, between the trunks, the shine of water gleams in silvery whiteness, all the whiter for the deep, intense shadows cast by the blue firs, relieved here and there by the pencilling purple of a silver birch-stem.

Spring is casting soft pink shadows over the woods, and the red flower of the elm—so seldom seen in perfection—which the warmth of the past winter has wooed into blossom, glows in the sunset across the vale. Evidently peace reigns on the Black Lake, for no alarm-note is heard as we reach a seat under a twisted fir behind a tracery of birch-boughs by the water's edge.

Across the water the herons are flying to and fro, keeping guard over the pale green eggs, and wondering to themselves where their next fishing-ground should be.



Black Lake

This year they have shifted their nests from one end of the lake to the other—no no one knows the reason why—and they dare not venture far from home, for they have not tested the wisdom of their move. Herons always look like boats which carry too much sail, for their huge wings appear unmanageable, but owing to the weight of food they carry home from their fishing expeditions they require this extra power. A score or so of the "grey sentinels" are standing by the water's edge in profound meditation, waiting for an unwary eel or frog to come within reach. From under the shelter of the bank at our feet several coots swim out into the open and make for a line of weeds half-way across. Why Skelton should call this bird mad, and Drayton "the brain-bald coot, a formal witless ass," we know not, for he is the most wide-awake of all water-fowl, and is always the first to sound his alarm-note as a warning, not only to his own companions, but to all other birds in his vicinity. Sir Thomas Browne writes, in 1635: "Coots are in very great flocks. Upon the appearance of a kite or buzzard I have seen them unite from all parts of the shore in strange numbers, when, if the kite stoop near them, they will spring up and spread such a flash

of water with their wings that they will endanger the kite, and so keep him off again in open opposition." This, again, hardly proves he is a witless ass! Bald of course he is, but that may be a sign of brains; and though some may admire the "dark, sooty bird," he is too sombre to please those who have an eye for the beautiful. But he acts as a foil for the mallards who are waiting to receive him by the reeds. Properly speaking, "mallard" is the name of both male and female, but in sporting language it is only the male of the wild duck. Certainly the male is a splendid bird when he dons his spring dress and his plumage is in perfection. When the coots told the wild duck of our presence they feigned alarm and flew along the surface in a line, then wheeled into the air above the trees, uttering their cry; but thinking they were not justified in their want of trust they returned to the coots, who swam about superior to such flights of fancy.

Moor-hens abound on the Black Lake, and are even tamer than the rest of the water-fowl. The red patch on his forehead and red beak with the yellow tip relieve his dark plumage, while the undercoverts of his tail are white, as Drayton notices:

"The coot bald, else clean black, that whiteness
it doth wear
Upon the forehead starr'd, the water-hen doth
wear
Upon her little tail, in one small feather set."

With the dark-coloured coots and wild ducks two beautiful swans bow and bend to their reflections, and turn their graceful long necks this way and that as if it amused them to watch their smaller companions, though they feel it quite beneath their dignity to join in their amusements. Then

"This swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet"

to the other end of the lake to see why the peewit is crying so in the air. Perhaps his snow-white majesty was not feeling well, and believed in the old saying of Pliny that "a sight of a lapwing cures one of the jaundice." No bird has so many nicknames as the peewit: "Lymptwigg" in Devonshire, "Peweep" in Norfolk, "Phillipene" in Ireland, and "Peaseweep" in Scotland; but in Scotland he is not a prime favourite, for by his cries and movements he is supposed to have guided the troopers of Claverhouse to the hiding-places of the Covenanters. But the legends

about this bird are too well known to bear repetition.

Soon a pair of teal join the merry throng from the end of the lake, having heard of the assembly from the swans : the night is coming, and they are getting hungry, for this bird rests during the day on the water, with his head drawn back between his shoulders or hidden under the feathers, and feeds at night, as do others of his kind. They are handsome birds in spring, but, like the mallard, the male loses all his beauty in the summer.

All the while we are watching the water-fowl an amorous frog barks incessantly at our feet : certainly his love-making is not carried on in silence, and he would have the birds and fishes know his secret. It is impossible to prevent a smile when the wide mouth opens and so much sound issues from such a small creature half hidden in the water. Another frog in the reeds will not be outdone in the serenade, and barks and croaks violently, as if to prove he is the better lover of the two.

As the sun sinks gently behind the firs, and the shadows grow longer between the trees—the fir-trunks reddened by the soft glow—we hear the evening hymn taken up by Nature's many voices. It is spring-

time, and the notes of birds are different and sweeter than in the other seasons of the year. Love lends a new note and teaches another key. Wood-pigeons coo softly, and weave wonderful dream-nests into their song; herons bark with blissful anticipation of the morrow, for the eggs are nearing the cracking stage; jays call across the opening, and think more of their coming young than of their neighbours' eggs, for the moment forgetting their thievish tricks; woodpeckers laugh with joy at having found a hole in an old oak, which will save them the trouble of boring; all the wild-fowl rest content and cry to one another from gladness of heart at having found such a peaceful spot; and as our "Good-evening" reaches them they hardly consider it worth while to turn and listen, for they have heard of our love for birds from the feathered tenants in the garden on the hill.

IN THE WOODS

" Far in the woods, these golden days,
Some leaf obeys its Maker's call ;
And through their hollow aisles it plays
With delicate touch the prelude of the Fall."

WHEN the old year dies and the new year is born, the world is hard and cold. In the animal kingdom hedgehogs, dormice, and snakes are coiled up where they can find a certain amount of warmth, and hibernate at their leisure.

Yet there is a grandeur in the wood in these early days, though dead bracken is crushed by the weight of rain. Oaks stand out as more perfect models for the artist in their nakedness than in summer, when their picturesque forms are almost entirely hidden by green drapery. Fir-trees and hollies alone laugh at the winter months, and as holly berries still shine, missel-thrushes and blackbirds find a fair meal to keep out the dread cold of the nights. In the stillness of the forest a woodman's axe is heard clearing away the dead timber, for firs are short lived, and

here and there a tree bends, and the bark peels, and it dies.

On the snow-covered rides marks of innumerable rabbits' feet are to be seen in all directions, so thick in some places that snow has almost disappeared. Rabbits fare well in frosty weather, and in a short time, when ferreting begins, they will be found in good condition; but many a fine blackbird has crawled into the burrows, to die of cold and starvation, and many a rook has fallen from his perch in the big elms unable longer to battle with hunger and cold. Rabbits keep warm coiled up in deep burrows below the reach of the hardest frost, and they come forth at night to find a very fair supply of grass beneath the bed of frozen snow, or they enjoy a good meal by girdling stems of some succulent holly, base marauders that they are!

A fair sprinkling of pheasants is still in the coverts, though many a fine cock will be laid low before the month is out. In spite of cold, of bitter wind and snow, missel-thrushes will bravely burst into song, but they keep their distance, for they are shy birds. It is a wild ditty, not much to boast of from a musical point of view, but welcome in winter deadness as a sound of life, for birds are scarce now; even finches

are away visiting neighbouring homesteads and fields.

Pigeons are busy eating ivy berries, which other birds scorn. Twittering as they go, a flock of light-hearted goldencrests hunt among the firs, and a few titmice, and may be a chattering nuthatch, join the merry throng.

Warmer days are at hand, and by the third week in February the rookery is less deserted during the day than it has been, for many of the more sober well-behaved couples have began to repair their nests, and to make proper preparation for the coming of a noisy tiresome family.

Game being now rather scarce, foxes turn their attention to the henroosts of cottager and farmer, or, perhaps, are lucky enough sometimes to find a stray hen or two roosting at the edge of the wood. Keepers tell us that in this case Master Reynard dances round and round the tree, his two eyes shining in the darkness like balls of fire, until his unfortunate prey, tired with watching her enemy and made giddy by his antics, falls to the ground and is lost! Strips of red cloth hung on trees will keep a fox away—at least so the story goes.

Warm days, though they mean life and

happiness to many a wild bird, ring the death knell of the fox. The ground is losing its crisp ring, and coverts will soon be disturbed by a bustling pack, with riders in pink, and Mr. Fox will ere long pay the penalty of his misdeeds in a "hundred tatters of brown."

In grassy rides on a bright sunny morning stoats may be seen turning somersaults, capering and jumping with glee at the glorious prospect of plenty of nice young rabbits to eat, while squirrels hop overhead, racing madly from tree to tree.

Nothing will ever make a squirrel staid and steady—he will frivol till the end of the chapter in the full gleesomeness of his merry heart. Even rude March winds as they roar round stems of big trees and rush screeching and screaming through their naked boughs, tearing off many a fine branch and casting it roughly to the ground, do not trouble them in the least.

Strong and violent as the winds may be, they wear themselves out in time, and with their last dying groan passes also the last of winter's days.

Nature awakes with a start. Over the woods there come creeping tinges of purple and yellow. The pulse of life is felt there. From time to time the rich melo-

dious voice of the blackbird is heard as he rests for a few hours from the labour of building, while the missel-thrush, whose nest at the very top of a holly-tree is finished, sings daily less and less, for he is a bird of storm and wind, so fine warmer days silence him.

Gay, bright chaffinches have returned from homesteads, and on sunny mornings may be heard trying their utmost to accomplish the last turn of a somewhat monotonous song—which needs a deal of practice yet.

In the rookery bustle and worry daily increase, for many of the nests now contain eggs, and these afford opportunities for conversation and gossip which parent birds do not neglect, and much cawing and croaking "baby talk" ensues over these new treasures.

The chiffchaff has come, and his cousin, the willow-wren, will follow close upon his heels with his rippling laughing song. Titmice, of different kinds, fly through the woods in pairs, critically inspecting every hole in tree and stump in search of apartments to let for the season, unfurnished, or else taking possession of those they occupied last year. The big tit, like the town crier, is ringing his bell loudly, proclaiming

to all whom it may concern that the breeding season is nigh at hand.—"God save the Tits." Nesting, of course, will not begin for some weeks, but titmice like to go house-hunting in good time, and, like prudent birds, engage their lodgings when vacant, for birds are plentiful, and good holes without the help of an agent are "hard to come at."

Before the middle of April is reached most of the summer migrants have come from the far South, and friend cuckoo lingers a few days in the warm sheltered parts of the wood to recover tone after his long journey, before starting on his vagrant errand to the more open parts of the country. Perchance he is a little doubtful of his welcome, or feels a trifle shy of his feathered friends, knowing in his inmost heart that he does not in the least intend to mend his naughty ways.

Nuthatches whistle clearly, and the chorus of song, led by the blackbird, is still further increased towards the end of the month by the softly purring turtle-doves and melancholy wood-warblers, while young rooks in their nests clamour loudly for food.

Keepers search the neighbourhood of paths for pheasants' nests, and, removing

precious eggs out of harm's way, place them under the motherly wing of trusty old fowls, who, in their imbecility, take them when hatched for their own offspring.

A pair of chattering magpies are foolish enough to betray the fact that, somewhere near at hand, they have their nest—roughly domed over for protection with sticks—probably in a thick thorn.

In the hollow arm of a beech-tree a starling is sitting on five pointed pale blue eggs, while her mate, having nothing better to do, amuses himself by trying to imitate other songsters in the wood.

Higher up in the same tree is a larger hole, where for years past a brown owl has dwelt in peace. Already ten eggs are laid, and in a week or so two more will be added to their number, which will be hatched by the warmth of the first brood. Mother Owl is a wise old bird, and if Nature has decreed that she is to have two broods in one season, why, she outstrips Nature, and takes care that the labour of hatching them will not fall entirely on her.

One day, whilst collecting a basket-full of fir cones to brighten up a fire, we picked up several pellets of a hawk, about as large

as a good-sized marble, and looking up, we saw high above our heads, poised on the topmost branches, the nest of a kestrel, and on our way back to the garden we hope against hope that the keeper will not hear of this nest, or see the dear magpies.

IN THE WOODS AGAIN

"The mast is dropping within my woods,
The winter is lurking within my moods,
And the rustling of the withered leaf
Is the constant music of my grief."

TREES are now green again, for the sun's gentle rays have wooed the buds to unfold their mysterious leaves; wild hyacinths are drooping their heads with weariness of life, and many a young rook has stained the blue carpet with his blood.

Birds are hatching their young or joining in the mad music of the woods, thrushes out-topping the rest; nuthatches are silent, for they are busy feeding their young in a hollow tree, the entrance to which they have made smaller by building it up with clay. Parents are on the alert, for even squirrels are on evil purpose bent, and a fine old fellow, with his bushy tail curled over his back, is making an omelette in a redstart's nest.

A yaffle laughs mockingly, for he scents coming rain, which will drench his neighbours' nests while his home is safe and dry, and the chaffinch cries "weep, weep," for

he does so hate the wet, and he knows friend yaffle sings true.

Clever carpenters, these woodpeckers: selecting an old tree for the purpose, they begin tunnelling into it with their strong beaks. Trees are often marked in half-a-dozen places with attempted borings, some no larger than a shilling, work having evidently been given up at the very outset, others large enough to admit a child's hand, and in every case the holes are perfectly circular and clean cut, as if drilled with an auger.

Passing along a drive in the wood, Laddie flushes a nightjar from our very feet, who, dazed by the light, flits unsteadily a few yards, and drops again with a flap into his favourite fern.

The longest day has passed, and we hate the almanac for telling us in its bald language that it is so. We would fain cheat ourselves over the date. The music of the woods has partly died away, but the lazy wood-pigeon has begun to coo, and many a platform of sticks is being raised in the trees.

Honeysuckle hangs in trails and clusters, clasping its arms round a thorn, and on the brow of the hill foxgloves bloom in all their beauty, raising their purple spikes

Sheep Hatch

towards the sky to catch the glowing sunlight. As we reach the spot two creatures disappear, absolutely unlike save that they are both viviparous—a hare and an adder. Poor pussy! no wonder that you flee at man's approach, for the farmer's gun has of late years been your deadly foe, and where we once could count some fifty pairs of black-tipped ears we now can see but ten. And you, you reptile! with that telltale, zigzag marking on your back, every man's hand is against you, though I very much doubt whether Æsop has not done your tribe more harm than ever it has done to man, and, after all, was it your fault that the husbandman behaved like a fool?

Weeks later—as we make our way through the bracken, now turned to a sea of yellow brown in the sunnier parts of the wood, where tall firs give but little shade—and reach the warm slope where seedling foxgloves make the ground green, we startle from their dusting holes a small covey of partridges, whose ranks are much thinned since the cruel first of September dawned on them in the stubbles.

Wild demons of the equinox sweep tumultuously over the woods, and singling out a tree for their attack, buffet the resisting boughs in their attempt to uproot it.

Defeated, they return over and over again to the charge, with ever-increasing violence and angry howls, till at length the poor groaning tree, rocked to and fro in their tenacious grip, wearied out with fruitless struggle against the unseen mysterious foe, and finding little support in the dried-up soil, falls with a crash into the undergrowth, while the spirits of the wind dance and leap with derisive shrieks upon the fallen branches.

It is an ill wind that blows no good, and the squirrels at least have profited by recent gales. Instead of having to climb in search of food, they can find as many chestnuts as they please under the trees, where they pick and choose in lazy leisure. Some husks are open, and many of the nuts are eaten then and there, others are carried off wholesale ; and as we walk down the grassy ride bordered with chestnut-trees, several provident little fellows cross our path, carrying two or even three of the prickly treasures in their mouths, to store away in some deserted rabbit-hole.

Beautiful as the woods were in the early spring, they are still more lovely now. Tawny oaks, yellow shining beeches, crimson and gilded Spanish chestnuts, birches—some of them pink, others with

their yellow leaves hanging like plumes, contrast with the dark blue background of indigo firs, whilst underneath, the ground is daily becoming carpeted with varying hues, over which the pheasants, who have survived the first shoot, run and scratch in search of the acorns and mast that have fattened them. Wood-pigeons, too, are greedy devourers of beech-mast, and as the hounds crash with fine music through the covert, fifty pairs of blue wings clap loudly as the flock rises in the air.

Frost, rain, and wind soon rob the trees of their glorious colouring. Daily the carpet of leaves becomes thicker and, alas! more dingy; shorter and shorter are the hours of daylight, dreary and more dreary are the woods. Where a short time back stood a fine copse resounding with the song of many birds, there lies now an open waste; only hacked stumps, piles of brushwood, and stacks of poles remain to tell us of what once was there. As we tread among the brown bedraggled bracken and over the damp mouldering leaves, on a chilly grey afternoon, we are thankful if in the bare branches we can see a little flight of long-tailed tits, or listen to the tuneless gurgling of an old starling who fancies he is making music. But behind the cloud

the sun is still shining, bright days come, days of keen exhilarating air, when the warm sun shines clearly through a cloudless sky upon a woodland from which every twig, covered with silvery rime, reflects for a while its rays.

Then the mistletoe thrush, so long silent, awakes, as it were, from a dream, and pours forth upon the woods his wild untutored song, like one of Bragga's fugues; and as the last day of the year passes grandly down the road of ages, "the many-winter'd crow leads the clanging rookery home." All else is still. The sun is sinking in a crimson ball of fire behind the trees. The distant caw of rooks announces their approach. Nearer and nearer they come, the clamour of the black army grows louder and louder, the sharp treble of the daws chiming with the bass note of their more numerous friends. Overhead the din is heard as they noisily settle in the tall fir tops. Presently Night drops her curtain, and the year is dead.

BIRDS WE HAVE SEEN

"Sing out thy notes on high
To sunbeam straying by
Or passing cloud;
Heedless if thou art heard,
Sing thy full song aloud."

WITHIN a mile of the garden we have seen, since we came to this beautiful corner of God's earth, ninety-three different kinds of birds.

"Ninety-three different birds!" our friends exclaim, a little incredulously, perhaps. Then we flaunt a list before their eyes, and they are bound to believe.

We have commons, and ponds, and woods outside the garden, each a sanctuary for particular birds, and hence the great variety on our list. A few common birds are missing, and a few others we have only heard tell of and cannot verify, so I will keep to our own private list.

Down by the Black Lake we have seen, as noticed in other chapters, the heron, mallard, teal, coot, water-hen, and dabchick; also a hen-harrier lives there because he likes peace.

A short drive takes us to a pond on a

wild heath with trees shadowing the water at one end, and there we have counted as many as a hundred swans at one time. Now and again they fly in companies over the garden, and when they finish the weed on the Swan Pond (as we call it) they go away, nobody knows where.

Down in the sandstone over the wishing-well in the wood, where men and maids drop in a stone for luck, the kingfisher has built a nest, perhaps to remind the work-a-day world of halcyon days, of hope fulfilled, and faith perfected.

Pheasants, partridges, red-legged partridges, and snipe tremble, as the year comes round, at the sound of a gun, and wish that man had never been created to spoil the world; and the woodcock arrives in November to share the same fear.

In the fields the corncrake rattles and the lapwing cries, and overhead the kestrel hovers, and the sparrow-hawk watches for little birds and other light fare, making the larks tremble for their lives.

The grey shrike and the red-backed shrike, cruel butcher-birds, haunt the hedgerows, and arrange their larders on the thorn, while the yellow-hammer sighs for "a little bit of bread and no cheese."

Up on the common whinchats and

stonechats perch on gorse-bushes to see us pass, and a Dartford warbler tells us he is there, for he knows we love to see an uncommon bird. Linnets, too, love gorse, and wheatears run among the heather, while a pair of buzzards quarter the moorland.

On our way back, in a copse just outside the garden, we hear nightingales singing in chorus with other warblers—chiffchaff, willow-wren, garden-warbler, blackcap, and wood-warbler. And when the chiffchaff sings the loudest, that scamp of a cuckoo flies about looking for a convenient nest to receive a "foster-egg."

Down by the river-side a sedge-warbler and grasshopper-warbler build, and "waggle-tails" stand on a stone in the water watching for flies. A pied-flycatcher has just arrived in the village, and is greeted with much applause. A yellow wagtail, too, has found a home near by, because he wished to place himself on our list. As we stand on the little bridge waiting for a fish to rise, and watching the soft evening light kissing the woods good-night, swallows skim down and round and round us, joined by martins, sand martins and swifts. Flycatchers perch on a rail, tired out by catching flies.

Birds we have Seen

Near the woods, and in the woods perhaps, we see more birds than anywhere else. Green woodpeckers abound and tell us when rain is coming, and we have seen the great spotted woodpecker, and the lesser spotted too. Rooks build in the firs and jackdaws in the ruins, and we see jays galore, while near Waverley a pair of magpies are always ready to prophesy joy or woe. An occasional crow wanders from the high trees beyond the moorland. The barn-owl, brown owl, and eared owl screech and riot at night as we stand still in the dusk to listen to their calls, while the nightjar whirrs unceasingly to remind us he is there.

All the titmice family live near at hand —the big tit, blue tit, cole-tit, and marsh-tit, and the dear long-tailed tit too; and the finches are plentiful, which makes us sometimes sorrow for our buds and seeds —bullfinch, goldfinch, greenfinch, chaffinch, and hawfinch, a goodly company, and a mischievous one! Nuthatches are very common with us, but, curious to relate, we have never found a nuthatches' nest, and this worries us considerably. Crossbills are a precious possession, and the golden-crested wren is a great favourite. Sparrows we could well afford to strike off our list: let Londoners keep them to them-

selves, we do not want them in the country. Hedge-sparrows, thrushes, blackbirds, missel-thrushes, and starlings, robins, and wrens, every one has—they are old friends. The common bunting we often see perched in a tree. The redstart, and common whitethroat and lesser whitethroat, we watch in the lanes with the tree-pipit; the meadow-pipit flits in the meadow on the other side of the hedge, and the tiny brown creeper runs like a mouse up the tree-trunk by the little gate as we step back into the Garden of Peace.

We have the ringdove, stock-dove, turtle-dove, and rock-dove, so we are well supplied. One bird we seldom see, and that is the wryneck, the barking bird as it called round here.

In the winter fieldfares and redwings fly over the fields, and siskins haunt the alders, while the brambling searches for beechmast.

This is a bare list of our birds, and I feel it almost unkind to pass over the peacock and guinea-fowl, but if I added them all the hens would come running furious at being left out, and so perhaps it would be wiser to proclaim the "list closed" with these ninety-three feathered friends. Many are the stories

we hear of the different birds, and we see many different sides of bird life, and often hear of strange nests. This adds an untold joy to country life, and we can write new pages to our bird books yearly.

We wage a mighty war against bird-nesting, but it availeth little, for deep down in every boy's heart is a desire to find and take nests, and a wanton disregard for bird life. A few days since a friend of ours visited a village cobbler, and there on a shelf by the old man's head was a robins' nest. The visitor seized on it and preached a stormy sermon on the cruelty of bird-nesting. Perhaps the cobbler was deaf or had no time to remonstrate before the nest and eggs were marched off. When our friend arrived at home he heard to his dismay that the robins themselves had placed the nest on the shelf, so he hurried back to repair his error, and was met at the door and roughly attacked by an infuriated mother bird! Ah, well! sometimes we may have too much zeal, but it is better too much than too little.

I know of a robins' nest on the low wall of a pigstye under an old tile, and of another in a garden frame, and one on the shelf of a greenhouse. They like to choose

a conspicuous spot, and then wonder at being disturbed.

Round about the Garden of Peace there are many deserted sand-martin villages. In the steep sides of the lanes this little brave bird loves to tunnel into the sandy soil, then for some reason they desert a beloved haunt, and that particular spot knows them no more. Perhaps their sanitary inspector is strict and turns them out, or requires so many repairs that they think it best to seek new homes instead of wasting time on the old ones. Last year a new house was being built in the broom on Squire's Hill, and to get sand for mixing with the lime, a large square hole, many feet deep, was dug in the field. With April came all the migratory birds. In a few days I was astonished to see numbers of sand-martins flying over the field, disappearing and reappearing from the very ground itself. We walked to the spot and found that the sand-hole had been taken possession of by these new colonists, and that each side was tunnelled by bird builders who seemed to revel in the clean fresh sand. How did they find their new home, I wonder, out in the golden broom? I suppose they were looking for a new site and were taken by the view.

A little while since a weasel visited a sand-martin colony. The burglar, thinking the coast clear, began scrambling from hole to hole, and entered one after the other, with at first but little success. It was not a fashionable quarter, and many houses were unlet. At last he emerged, carrying in his mouth a screaming sand-martin. As soon as the bird was fairly clear of the hole a tussle began, and being held only by its tail, the martin managed with one mighty effort to get away, leaving nothing but a mouthful of feathers behind.

The weasel continued his excursions, nothing daunted; but at length, having over-much confidence, he slipped, and missing his footing, fell to the foot of the cliff, where a blow from a stick stopped further mischief.

I would never harm a weasel, for, though he kills young birds, he also kills rats and mice, and the balance is in his favour.

In a honeycombed piece of sand-cliff near one of the entrance gates of Waverley Abbey, a rock-dove may often be seen standing at the entrance of one of the forsaken holes. He looks solemn and sedate in grey attire, and would have you believe this castle was of his own building, and

that he has no feeling of obligation to a little bird skimming over the river. Here, too, a bright and gaudy kingfisher sometimes makes her nest, while numbers of our poor old friends the starlings have seized on these unlet villa residences as comfortable nesting-places.

Starlings have no feelings of false pride about them. They take advantage alike of holes bored in the stem of a tree by a woodpecker, or tunnelled by sand-martins in a cliff: anything to save themselves trouble; and if no hole is at hand, they just leave a pale blue egg on a sunny bank, thinking the sun may hatch it for them.

Last year a starling built high up in the hollow stem of a very dilapidated Scotch fir. All went well until the young birds grew apace and fattened on grubs and worms, then at last the decayed wood on which the nest rested broke, and nest and young slipped down the inside of the tree to mother earth. A gaping rift in the tree exposed them to the view of the passer-by, but the fall did them no harm, for there they squeaked on for food, opening big yellow beaks in despairing greediness. The old birds went on feeding them, and did not seem at all put out, and this year

have built high up again, all the straw falling through as soon as placed; still some remains, and they evidently mean to fix their nest up and wedge it firmly.

What a wonderful mimic the starling is! Often and often I have heard him copy the notes of the thrush and other birds to perfection, and sometimes when we have stalked what we imagined to be a strange bird to see who the singer was, a starling, perched on the top twig of a fir, has laughed at us for being taken in.

FINALE

"Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away."

IT was eventide. The month was June. Long ago the sun had disappeared, but a sunset mood still rested on my heart, quiet and peace after the day's work, and a pleasant laziness of spirit.

We had been "outside the garden," and found many a new beauty there, by riverside and woodland; along the paths of history, tradition, legend. Yet with it all never am I so content as in my Garden of Peace, or just beyond in the field, which is part of our demesne now, and so it is no good trying to tempt me away from such sweet content.

> "—Ah, so the quiet was,
> So was the hush."

Suddenly two cuckoos began to sing (if it is not heresy to call their note a song?), and as they cuckooed, one high, one low, their notes sounding alternately, they

modulated into a chime, making the most lovely natural bells I have ever heard.

We stood in raptures listening, and another bird in the distance hearing the chime echoed it from a far-off tree.

"Cuck — *cuck* — koo — *koo*," rang the chime, over and over again, and I hardly dared breathe for fear of breaking the spell.

"*Cuckoo*," echoed the bird from the far away. It was a moment—

> "in the being
> Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
> To perish never."

The scent of the giant syringa hung heavy in the air, flowers were asleep on the rockery—the chime did not awaken them.

> "O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
> Or but a wandering voice?"

> ". . . An invisible thing,
> A voice, a mystery."

This is what I thought as the mist began slowly to rise.

"Are you cold, love?"

No; for the heat of the summer day lingered on the hot, parched earth, and

grasshoppers, still too merry for sleep, jumped over my feet in play.

"You are glad you have written of the land outside your garden?"

"Oh, yes, I am glad. At the same time I mourn, for no words of mine can ever picture the beauty of our village for other eyes. I can feel it: will others feel it too, I wonder?"

"If they care to."

"Yes; but so few people care nowadays. People hurry to and fro in search of a new sensation; they have no time or inclination to stand and drink cool water at Nature's well. This is a realistic age, I would have you know, when authors dig in the dust-heap for plots, and artists are not content with the Beautiful."

"Now discontent is creeping into the heart of my queen."

"Only because I would have the whole world as happy as I am:

> 'Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

I want every one to hear the beating of that 'Human Heart!'"

Throbbing . . . Throbbing . . . Throbbing.

Finale

You can hear it in the river as it hastens to the great sea, gathering strength as it goes, drop by drop, never waiting to rest or wonder, for there is only one end in view.

It is there in the woodland, soughing among the trees, in the sap that rises, and the buds that form, in the songs of birds in the branches.

It is there among the flowers. For every blossom is a token of life, the supreme effort of the plant to fulfil the promise of the Creator.

It is there, in perfection, on the village Green as the children pass, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

There, in old memories, lingering round ruin and decay; histories of human hearts echoing on and on down the ages of eternity.

There, too, when the leaf falls, flowers die, and the storm beats, for the world is only resting before the resurrection of life in spring.

". . . God is seen, God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh,
In the soul, and the clod."

. . . . .

Just then a heron passed overhead on his way to a feeding-ground, followed by

one of his offspring who was leaving his home by the Black Lake for the first time, and was protesting the whole way in little feeble cries at being taken so far. Slowly and steadily the parent's great wings flapped, and no notice was taken of the young one's despair. Life must be faced —and the old bird was weary of catering for the young.

In the evening stillness which followed the cuckoos' chime, and the baby heron's cry, only the weir was heard, till a goat-sucker began to whirr and an owl hooted in the ruins. *Night sounds!* . . . This awoke a memory.

"Why do you not write an essay on night sounds?" said the artist, as we all sat cosily reading in the rose-coloured sitting-room.

I thought it a splendid idea, and though the hour was late, I prevailed on the master of the house to leave his armchair, though not his pipe, and we sallied forth, a little company, into the woods.

"We must not speak," I said, "we must only listen."

"This is not a very amusing entertainment," said a voice. "When do the night sounds begin?"

"*Hush!* . . . I want you to be enthusiastic. . . . *Listen!*"

We wended our way to the rookery and sat down in grim silence on a bed of corydalis.

The stillness was supreme, and we all listened intently. . . . Was it a little cold? Perhaps. Thoughts of the snug room and gentle comfort we had left behind began to creep in.

Where were the owls hooting in the ruins? Rabbits scuttling through the bracken? Goatsuckers, moths, bats? Not a leaf broke the stillness of the summer night.

"Listen. . . ."

Yes, at last a sound.

A train rushed through the distant sleeping town.

I felt that some one smiled, but I utterly refused to turn my head. Strange weird sounds would soon pierce the silence, and we should be rewarded for our patience. So we waited. Presently a feeling of a mighty disappointment began to rise in our hearts. The ground was hard. A chilliness filled the air, and the night dew damped our ardour. Nobody spoke, and at last another sound was heard.

This time a strange weird sound, but

without romance. It touched no memory, it awoke no love-dream. A poet could not have turned it into rhyme nor a musician have set it to music.

It was the cough of an asthmatic old sheep.

"I think we will go home. It is getting a little late," I said. It would not do to acknowledge we had failed. Then one of the little party whistled in his hands, and an owl answered from the Black Lake. It counts for nothing unless the sounds come of their own accord, so I would not allow the owls to be called, and gloomily we wended our way home.

In the end we laughed, at the thought of the sheep, and of all the multitude of sounds which . . . we did not hear.

. . . . .

Sunshine and shower, grave and gay! What would life be without humour, and the power to rejoice with those who do rejoice, as well as the marvellous sympathy to weep with those who weep which is an easier task.

My Garden of Peace hath a setting which few other gardens have, for so much of interest lies just outside, and you can wander beyond the pale without hat and

gloves, and find yourself in the woods, or by the river, touching the ruins, or in a hop garden; this is what adds to the beauty—the *nearness* of it all.

"Still, at the same time, I am content to stay among my roses."

"You do not wish to wander outside the garden?"

"No. It is so lovely here."

"But you said you were glad to know of the land beyond."

"Yes, but there is no place like home."

"I thought I had convinced you at last that your mind needed to be enlarged."

"'Woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still.'"

"Yes, that truism needs no quotation."

"And, dear . . ."

"Yes?"

"Do you know . . ."

"What?"

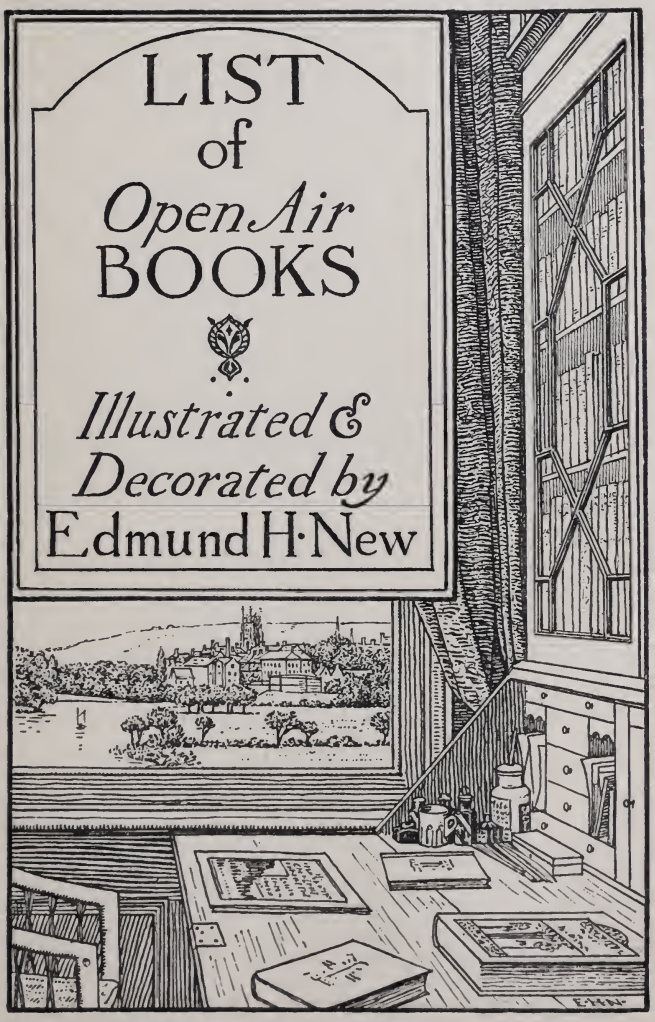
"Oh! . . . all the rest is . . ."

"Yes . . .?"

"*Love.*"

LIST of *Open Air* BOOKS

Illustrated & Decorated by
Edmund H. New



The Natural History of Selborne

By GILBERT WHITE

Edited, with Introduction, by GRANT ALLEN

With upwards of 200 Illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW

Containing: Photogravure Portraits of Thomas Pennant and Daines Barrington; White's Fellow Naturalists, White's "Observations on Nature," and "Poems"; and some hitherto unpublished Notes by SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Uniform with Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler." 568 pages, bound in buckram, uncut edges.

Price 21s. net. Fcap. 4to. Price $7.50

Prospectus, showing Type, Paper, and Specimen Illustrations, post free on application

Country Life says: "The most delightful form that can be imagined. The attraction lies chiefly in finding the masterpiece so admirably illustrated by Mr. Edmund H. New. In black and white line work of this class he has no equal."

The Studio says: "Mr. New's drawings are simply admirable."

The Speaker says: "Mr. Edmund New's illustrations are not merely artistic but full of the poetry of association."

The St. James's Gazette says: "We have never seen this book in a more agreeable or appropriate form."

WALTON & COTTON'S

Compleat Angler

Edited, with an Introduction, by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

With Photogravure Portraits of Walton and Cotton, and over 250 Illustrations and Cover designed by EDMUND H. NEW

Price 15s. net. Fcap. 4to. Price $6.00

"One of the best editions; one, we cannot help thinking, that Walton himself would have preferred."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"No such topographical treatment has ever been awarded to Walton and Cotton."—*Field.*

"A delightful edition, charmingly illustrated."—*Punch.*

"Of Mr. Edmund H. New's illustrations we cannot speak too highly. We have never seen better."—*Spectator.*

JOHN LANE, LONDON AND NEW YORK

In the Garden of Peace

By HELEN MILMAN
(Mrs. CALDWELL CROFTON)

With 24 Illustrations and Cover designed by
EDMUND H. NEW

Price 5s. net. Crown 8vo. Price $1.50

"Mr. New seems to have a special gift for drawing birds."
Spectator.

"Sincerity is the note of the whole book, which is lucky, we may add, in having Mr. E. H. New for its pictorial illustrator."—*Globe.*

"Happily linked with this reposeful text are the drawings of Mr. Edmund H. New: he has a style all his own, and when he is found opposite a sun-dial, with that lovely legend—

Light and Shade by turns,
But Love always——

and a vista of day-lilies, the best may be hoped. Mr. New sees the character of flowers and leaves; his interpretation of them would, we venture to think, delight Mr. Ruskin—it has that patience, that faithfulness which is a treasure of the humble and the real soul of art."—*Daily Chronicle.*

My Roses and How I Grew Them

By HELEN MILMAN
(Mrs. CALDWELL CROFTON)

With a Cover Designed by EDMUND H. NEW

Price 1s. 6d. net. Crown 8vo. Price 50 cents

"No earnest amateur can afford to be without it. Miss Milman . . . has done a real service in the rose garden."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Pleasantly written. . . . Her instructions are written in a style free from technicalities so that they may be understood by those who are innocent of garden knowledge. The book is such that a novice might implicitly follow, while the more experienced may find useful hints."—*Garden.*

"It is indeed an excellent little manual. It is admirably clear; and though brief' contains in its ten chapters all the information that the amateur can desire in every phase of rose culture."
Glasgow Herald.

JOHN LANE, LONDON AND NEW YORK

Outside the Garden

By HELEN MILMAN
(Mrs. CALDWELL CROFTON)

With 24 Illustrations and Cover Designed by
EDMUND H. NEW

Uniform with "In the Garden of Peace"

Price 6s. Crown 8vo. Price $1.50

CONTENTS

JOHN LANE, LONDON AND NEW YORK

The Life of William Morris

By J. W. MACKAIL

With 16 Full-page Illustrations by E. H. NEW of
Houses and Places associated with
WILLIAM MORRIS

Two Vols. 8vo. Price 32*s.*

LONGMANS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

JOHN LANE

CATALOGUE of PUBLICATIONS in BELLES LETTRES

VOLUME II. NOW READY

The Anglo-Saxon Review

A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY.

Edited by

LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL

Small folio, bound in leather, with a design in gold from an historic binding. Price 21s. net.

CONTENTS

PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAITS

1899

List of Books

IN

BELLES LETTRES

Published by John Lane

The Bodley Head

VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.

Adams (Francis).

ESSAYS IN MODERNITY. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

A CHILD OF THE AGE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net

A. E.

HOMEWARD: SONGS BY THE WAY. Sq. 16mo, wrappers, 1s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

THE EARTH BREATH, AND OTHER POEMS. Sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.

Æsop's Fables.

A HUNDRED FABLES OF. With 101 Full-page Illustrations by P. J. BILLINGHURST, and an Introductory Note by KENNETH GRAHAME. Fcap. 4to. 6s.

Aldrich (T. B.).

LATER LYRICS. Sm. fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Allen (Grant).

THE LOWER SLOPES: A Volume of Verse. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

THE WOMAN WHO DID. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Twenty-third Edition.*

THE BRITISH BARBARIANS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

Archer (William)

THE POETS OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION. With upwards of 20 Full-page Portraits after the original Wood Engravings of ROBERT BRYDEN. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

Arnold (Matthew).

POEMS. With an Introduction by A. C. BENSON, and upwards of 70 Illustrations and a Cover Design by HENRY OSPOVAT. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Atherton (Gertrude).

PATIENCE SPARHAWK AND HER TIMES. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Third Edition.*

THE CALIFORNIANS. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Third Edition.*

Bailey (J. C.).

ENGLISH ELEGIES. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Balfour (Marie Clothilde).

MARIS STELLA. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

SONGS FROM A CORNER OF FRANCE. [*In preparation.*

Beardsley (Aubrey).

EARLY WORK OF. Edited, with an Introduction, by H. C. MARILLIER. With over 180 Designs. Demy 4to. 31s. 6d. net. *Also a limited edition printed on Japanese vellum, at* 63s. net.

Beeching (Rev. H. C.).

IN A GARDEN: Poems. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

ST. AUGUSTINE AT OSTIA. Crown 8vo, wrappers. 1s. net.

Beerbohm (Max).

THE WORKS OF MAX BEERBOHM. With a Bibliography by JOHN LANE. Sq. 16mo. 4s. 6d. net.

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE. Sq. 16mo. 1s. net. [*Third Edition*

MORE. Sq. 16mo. 4s. 6d. net.

Bell (J. J.).
THE NEW NOAH'S ARK. Illustrated in Colours. 4to. 3s. 6d.
JACK OF ALL TRADES. Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON. Fcap. 4to. 3s. 6d.

Bennett (E. A.).
A MAN FROM THE NORTH. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
JOURNALISM FOR WOMEN: A Practical Guide. Sq. 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

Benson (Arthur Christopher).
LYRICS. Fcap. 8vo, buckram. 5s. net.
LORD VYET AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Blunt (W. S.).
SATAN ABSOLVED; a Victorian Mystery. With a Frontispiece after G. F. WATTS, R.A. Pott 4to. 3s. 6d. net.

Bourne (George).
A YEAR'S EXILE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Bridges (Robert).
SUPPRESSED CHAPTERS AND OTHER BOOKISHNESS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

Brotherton (Mary).
ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Brown (Vincent)
MY BROTHER. Sq. 16mo. 2s. net.
ORDEAL BY COMPASSION. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
TWO IN CAPTIVITY. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
THE ROMANCE OF A RITUALIST. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Buchan (John).
SCHOLAR GIPSIES. With 7 full-page Etchings by D. Y. CAMERON. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [*Second Edition.*
MUSA PISCATRIX. With 6 Etchings by E. PHILIP PIMLOTT. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
JOHN BURNET OF BARNS. A Romance. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Buchan (John)—*continued.*
GREY WEATHER. Crown 8vo. 6s.
A LOST LADY OF OLD YEARS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Cadell (Mrs.)
RUBA'VAT OF OMAR KHAYAM. With an Introduction by Dr. GARNETT. 3s. 6d. net.

Campbell (Gerald).
THE JONESES AND THE ASTERISKS. A Story in Monologue. 6 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

Case (Robert H.).
ENGLISH EPITHALAMIES. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Castle (Mrs. Egerton).
MY LITTLE LADY ANNE. Sq. 16mo. 2s. net.

Chapman(ElizabethRachel).
MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN MODERN FICTION. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Charles (Joseph F.).
THE DUKE OF LINDEN. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Cobb (Thomas).
CARPET COURTSHIP. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
MR. PASSINGHAM. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
THE JUDGMENT OF HELEN. A NOVEL. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Coleridge (Ernest Hartley).
POEMS. 3s. 6d. net.

Corvo (Baron).
STORIES TOTO TOLD ME. Square 16mo. 1s. net.

Crane (Walter).
TOY BOOKS. Re-issue of.
This LITTLE PIG'S PICTURE BOOK containing:
I. THIS LITTLE PIG.
II. THE FAIRY SHIP.
III. KING LUCKIEBOY'S PARTY.
MOTHER HUBBARD'S PICTURE-BOOK, containing:
IV. MOTHER HUBBARD.
V. THE THREE BEARS.
VI. THE ABSURD A. B. C.

Crane (Walter)—*continued.*

CINDERELLA'S PICTURE BOOK, containing:

VII. CINDERELLA.
VIII. PUSS IN BOOTS.
IX. VALENTINE AND ORSON.

RED RIDING HOOD'S PICTURE BOOK, containing:

X. RED RIDING HOOD.
XI. THE FORTY THIEVES.
XII. JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

BLUE BEARD'S PICTURE BOOK, containing:

XIII. BLUE BEARD.
XIV. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
XV. BABY'S OWN ALPHABET.

Each Picture-Book containing three Toy Books, complete with end papers and covers, together with collective titles, end-papers, decorative cloth cover, and newly written Preface by WALTER CRANE, 4s. 6d. The Twelve Parts as above may be had separately at 1s. each.

Crackanthorpe (Hubert).

VIGNETTES. A Miniature Journal of Whim and Sentiment. Fcap. 8vo, boards. 2s. 6d. net.

Craig (R. Manifold).

THE SACRIFICE OF FOOLS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Croskey (Julian).

MAX. Crown 8vo. 6s.
[*Second Edition.*

Crosse (Victoria).

THE WOMAN WHO DIDN'T. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
[*Third Edition.*

Custance (Olive).

OPALS: Poems. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Dalmon (C. W.).

SONG FAVOURS. Sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.

D'Arcy (Ella).

MONOCHROMES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE BISHOP'S DILEMMA. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MODERN INSTANCES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Davidson (John).

PLAYS: An Unhistorical Pastoral; A Romantic Farce; Bruce, a Chronicle Play; Smith, a Tragic Farce; Scaramouch in Naxos, a Pantomime. Small 4to. 7s. 6d. net.

FLEET STREET ECLOGUES. Fcap. 8vo, buckram. 4s. 6d. net.
[*Third Edition.*

FLEET STREET ECLOGUES. 2nd Series. Fcap. 8vo, buckram. 4s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

A RANDOM ITINERARY. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

BALLADS AND SONGS. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. [*Fourth Edition.*

NEW BALLADS. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

GODFRIDA. A Play Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

THE LAST BALLAD AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Dawe (W. Carlton).

YELLOW AND WHITE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

KAKEMONOS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Dawson (A. J.)

MERE SENTIMENT. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

MIDDLE GREYNESS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

De Lyrienne (Richard).

THE QUEST OF THE GILT-EDGED GIRL. Sq. 16mo. 1s. net.

De Tabley (Lord).

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. By JOHN LEICESTER WARREN (Lord de Tabley). Five Illustrations and Cover by C. S. RICKETTS. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [*Third Edition.*

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. Second Series. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Devereux (Roy).

THE ASCENT OF WOMAN. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Dick (Chas. Hill).

NINETEENTH CENTURY PASTORALS. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
[*In preparation.*

Dix (Gertrude).

THE GIRL FROM THE FARM. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

Dostoievsky (F.).
POOR FOLK. Translated from the Russian by LENA MILMAN. With a Preface by GEORGE MOORE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Dowie (Menie Muriel).
SOME WHIMS OF FATE. Post 8vo 2s. 6d. net.

Duer (Caroline, and Alice).
POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Egerton (George).
KEYNOTES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net
[*Eighth Edition.*
DISCORDS. Crown 8vo 3s. 6d. ne
[*Fifth Edition.*
SYMPHONIES. Crown 8vo. 6s.
[*Second Edition.*
FANTASIAS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
THE HAZARD OF THE ILL. Crow
8vo. 6s. [*In preparation.*

Eglinton (John).
TWO ESSAYS ON THE REMNANT. Post 8vo, wrappers. 1s. 6d. net.
[*Second Edition.*

Farr (Florence).
THE DANCING FAUN. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Fea (Allan).
THE FLIGHT OF THE KING: A full, true, and particular account of the escape of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, with Sixteen Portraits in Photogravure and over 100 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.

Field (Eugene).
THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF A BIBLIOMANIAC. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
LULLABY LAND: Songs of Childhood. Edited, with Introduction, by KENNETH GRAHAME. With 200 Illustrations by CHAS. ROBINSON. Uncut or gilt edges. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Firth (George).
THE ADVENTURES OF A MARTYR'S BIBLE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Fleming (George).
FOR PLAIN WOMEN ONLY. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Fletcher (J. S.).
THE WONDERFUL WAPENTAKE. By "A SON OF THE SOIL." With 18 Full-page Illustrations by J. A. SYMINGTON. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. net.
LIFE IN ARCADIA. With 20 Illustrations by PATTEN WILSON. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
GOD'S FAILURES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
BALLADS OF REVOLT. Sq. 32mo. 2s. 6d. net.
THE MAKING OF MATTHIAS. With 40 Illustrations and Decorations by LUCY KEMP-WELCH. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Florilegium Latinum.
Celebrated Passages mostly from English Poets rendered into Latin. Edited by Rev. F. ST. JOHN THACKERAY and Rev. E. D. STONE. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Flowerdew (Herbert).
A CELIBATE'S WIFE. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*
THE REALIST. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Ford (James L.).
THE LITERARY SHOP, AND OTHER TALES. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Frederic (Harold).
MARCH HARES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Third Edition.*
MRS. ALBERT GRUNDY: OBSERVATIONS IN PHILISTIA. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

Fuller (H. B.).
THE PUPPET BOOTH. Twelve Plays. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Gale (Norman).
ORCHARD SONGS. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

Garnett (Richard).
POEMS. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
DANTE, PETRARCH, CAMOENS, cxxiv Sonnets, rendered in English. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Garstin (Norman).
THE SUITORS OF APRILLE. A Fairy Story. With 20 Full-page Illustrations and a Cover Design by CHARLES ROBINSON. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Geary (Sir Nevill).
A Lawyer's Wife. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*

Gibson (Charles Dana).
Drawings: Eighty-Five Large Cartoons. Oblong folio. 20s.
Pictures of People. Eighty-Five Large Cartoons. Oblong folio. 20s.
London: As Seen by C. D. Gibson. Text and Illustrations. Large folio, 12 × 18 inches. 20s.
The People of Dickens. Six Large Photogravures. Proof Impressions from Plates, in a Portfolio. 20s.
Sketches and Cartoons. Oblong Folio. 20s.
The Education of Mr. Pipp. 80 Full-page Cartoons. Oblong folio. 20s.

Gilbert (Henry).
Of Necessity. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Gilliat-Smith (E.)
Songs from Prudentius. Pott 4to. 5s. net.

Gleig (Charles)
When all Men Starve. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
The Edge of Honesty. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Gosse (Edmund).
The Letters of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Now first edited. Pott 8vo. 5s. net.

Grahame (Kenneth).
Pagan Papers. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*
The Golden Age. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Eighth Edition.*
Dream Days. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*
The Headswoman. Sq. 16mo. 1s. net. (Bodley Booklets.)
The Golden Age. With 19 Full-page, numerous Ornaments, and a Cover Design by Maxfield Parrish Poll. 4to. 6s. net.
See Eugene Field's Lullaby Land.

Gray (Thomas).
See Flowers of Parnassus, p. 15.

Greene (G. A.).
Italian Lyrists of To-day. Translations in the original metres from about thirty-five living Italian poets, with bibliographical and biographical notes. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [*Second Edition.*

Greenwood (Frederick).
Imagination in Dreams. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Grimshaw (Beatrice Ethel).
Broken Away. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Gwynn (Stephen).
The Repentance of a Private Secretary. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
The Decay of Sensibility, and Other Essays and Sketches. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Hake (T. Gordon).
A Selection from his Poems. Edited by Mrs. Meynell. With a Portrait after D. G. Rossetti. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Hansson (Laura M.).
Modern Women. An English rendering of "Das Buch der Frauen" by Hermione Ramsden. Subjects: Sonia Kovalevsky, George Egerton, Eleanora Duse, Amalie Skram, Marie Bashkirtseff, A. Ch. Edgren Leffler. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
We Women and our Authors. Translated from the German by Hermione Ramsden. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Hansson (Ola).
Young Opeg's Ditties. A Translation from the Swedish. By George Egerton. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Harland (Henry).
Grey Roses. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.
Comedies and Errors. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Hawker (Robert Stephen, of Morwenstow).
The Complete Poetical Works. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 7s. 6d. net.

Hay (Colonel John).

POEMS INCLUDING "THE PIKE COUNTY BALLADS" (Author's Edition), with Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

CASTILIAN DAYS. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

SPEECH AT THE UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. With a Drawing of the Bust. Sq. 16mo. 1s. net.

Hayes (Alfred).

THE VALE OF ARDEN AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Hazlitt (William).

LIBER AMORIS; OR, THE NEW PYGMALION. Edited, with an Introduction, by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. To which is added an exact transcript of the original MS., Mrs. Hazlitt's Diary in Scotland, and letters never before published. Portrait after BEWICK, and facsimile letters. 400 Copies only. 4to, 364 pp., buckram. 21s. net.

Heinemann (William).

THE FIRST STEP; A Dramatic Moment. Small 4to. 3s. 6d. net.

SUMMER MOTHS: A Play. Sm. 4to. 3s. 6d. net.

Henniker (Florence).

IN SCARLET AND GREY. (With THE SPECTRE OF THE REAL by FLORENCE HENNIKER and THOMAS HARDY.) Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

Herford (Oliver).

THE CHILD'S PRIMER OF NATURAL HISTORY. With 48 Illustrations. 4to. 4s. 6d.

Hewlett (Maurice).

PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD: A Pastoral. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. [*Second Edition.*

Hickson (Mrs. Murray).

SHADOWS OF LIFE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hobbes (John Oliver).

OSBERN AND URSYNE. A Drama in Four Acts. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Holmes (Edmond).

THE SILENCE OF LOVE. Poems. Pott 4to. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

WHAT IS POETRY? An Essay. Pott 4to. 3s. 6d. net.

Hopper (Nora).

BALLADS IN PROSE. Sm. 4to. 6s.

UNDER QUICKEN BOUGHS. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Housman (Clemence).

THE WERE WOLF. With 6 Illustrations by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.

Housman (Laurence).

GREEN ARRAS: Poems. With 6 Illustrations, Title-page, Cover Design, and End Papers by the Author. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

GODS AND THEIR MAKERS. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Irving (Laurence).

GODEFROI AND YOLANDE: A Play. Sm. 4to. 3s. 6d. net.

Jalland (G. H.)

THE SPORTING ADVENTURES OF MR. POPPLE. Coloured Plates. Oblong 4to, 14 × 10 inches. 6s.

James (W. P.)

ROMANTIC PROFESSIONS: A Volume of Essays. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Johnson (Lionel).

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY: Six Essays. With Etched Portrait by WM. STRANG, and Bibliography by JOHN LANE. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

Johnson (Pauline).

WHITE WAMPUM: Poems. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Johnstone (C. E.).

BALLADS OF BOY AND BEAK. Sq. 32mo. 2s. net.

Kemble (E. W.)

KEMBLE'S COONS. 30 Drawings of Coloured Children and Southern Scenes. Oblong 4to. 6s.

A COON ALPHABET. 4to. 4s. 6d.

King (K. Douglas).
THE CHILD WHO WILL NEVER GROW OLD. Crown 8vo. 5s.

King (Maud Egerton).
ROUND ABOUT A BRIGHTON COACH OFFICE. With over 30 Illustrations by LUCY KEMP-WELCH. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

La Fontaine.
A HUNDRED FABLES OF. With 102 Illustrations and Cover Design by P. J. BILLINGHURST. Fcap. 4to. Linen. 6s.

Lander (Harry).
WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Lane (C. H.).
ALL ABOUT DOGS: A Book for Doggie People. With 80 Full-page Illustrations of Champions drawn from Life by R. H. MOORE. Demy 8vo. With a Cover Design by CARTON MOORE PARK. 7s. 6d. net.

Lark, The.
BOOK THE FIRST. Containing Nos. 1 to 12.
BOOK THE SECOND. Containing Nos. 13 to 24. With numerous Illustrations by GELETT BURGESS and Others. Small 4to. 25s. net. the set. [*All published.*

Leather (R. K.).
VERSES. 250 copies. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. net.

Lefroy (Edward Cracroft).
POEMS. With a Memoir by W. A. GILL, and a reprint of Mr. J. A. SYMONDS' Critical Essay on "Echoes from Theocritus." Cr. 8vo. Photogravure Portrait. 5s. net.

Lefroy (Ella Napier).
THE MAN'S CAUSE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Le Gallienne (Richard).
PROSE FANCIES. With Portrait of the Author by WILSON STEER. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
[*Fourth Edition.*

Le Gallienne (Richard)— *continued.*
THE BOOK BILLS OF NARCISSUS. An Account rendered by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
[*Third Edition.*
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AN ELEGY, AND OTHER POEMS, MAINLY PERSONAL. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.
ENGLISH POEMS. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.
[*Fourth Edition, revised.*
GEORGE MEREDITH: Some Characteristics. With a Bibliography (much enlarged) by JOHN LANE, portrait, &c. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. net. [*Fifth Edition, revised.*
THE RELIGION OF A LITERARY MAN. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
[*Fifth Thousand.*
RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS, A LITERARY LOG, 1891–1895. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 9s. net.
PROSE FANCIES. (Second Series). Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GIRL. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Fifth Edition.*
THE ROMANCE OF ZION CHAPEL. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*
RUDYARD KIPLING. A Criticism. With a Bibliography. Crown 8vo. 3s 6d. net.
SLEEPING BEAUTY AND OTHER PROSE FANCIES. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [*Shortly.*
THE WORSHIPPER OF THE IMAGE: A Tragic Fairy Tale. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
A VINDICATION OF EVE, AND OTHER POEMS. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. [*In preparation.*
See also HAZLITT, WALTON and COTTON.

Legge (A. E. J.).
MUTINEERS. Crown 8vo. 6s.
BOTH GREAT AND SMALL. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Linden (Annie).
GOLD. A Dutch Indian story. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Lipsett (Caldwell).
WHERE THE ATLANTIC MEETS THE LAND. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Locke (W. J.).

DERELICTS. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*

IDOLS. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*

A STUDY IN SHADOWS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. [*Second Edition.*

THE WHITE DOVE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Lowry (H. D.).

MAKE BELIEVE. Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON. Crown 8vo, gilt edges or uncut. 6s.

WOMEN'S TRAGEDIES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE HAPPY EXILE. With 6 Etchings by E. PHILIP PIMLOTT. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Lucas (Winifred).

UNITS: Poems. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

FUGITIVES: Poems. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Lynch (Hannah).

THE GREAT GALEOTO AND FOLLY OR SAINTLINESS. Two Plays, from the Spanish of JOSÉ ECHEGARAY, with an Introduction. Small 4to. 5s. 6d. net.

McChesney (Dora Greenwell).

BEATRIX INFELIX. A Summer Tragedy in Rome. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Macgregor (Barrington).

KING LONGBEARD. With over 100 Illustrations by CHARLES ROBINSON. Small 4to. 6s.

Machen (Arthur).

THE GREAT GOD PAN AND THE INMOST LIGHT. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

THE THREE IMPOSTORS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Macleod (Fiona).

THE MOUNTAIN LOVERS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Maitland (Samuel Roffey).

ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. Edited with Introduction by the Rev. A. W. HUTTON, M.A. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Makower (Stanley V.).

THE MIRROR OF MUSIC. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

CECILIA. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Mangan (James Clarence).

SELECTED POEMS. With a Biographical and Critical Preface by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Mathew (Frank).

THE WOOD OF THE BRAMBLES. Crown 8vo. 6s.

A CHILD IN THE TEMPLE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE SPANISH WINE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

AT THE RISING OF THE MOON. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH: an Historical Romance. With Three Portraits after Holbein. Crown 8vo, 6s.

ONE QUEEN TRIUMPHANT: an Historical Romance. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Marzials (Theo.).

THE GALLERY OF PIGEONS AND OTHER POEMS. Post 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Meredith (George).

THE FIRST PUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF THIS AUTHOR, engraved on the wood by W. BISCOMBE GARDNER, after the painting by G. F. WATTS. Proof copies on Japanese vellum, signed by painter and engraver. £1 1s. net.

Meynell (Mrs.).

POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Sixth Edition.*

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE AND OTHER ESSAYS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Sixth Edition.*

THE COLOUR OF LIFE AND OTHER ESSAYS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Fifth Edition.*

THE CHILDREN. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

THE SPIRIT OF PLACE AND OTHER ESSAYS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Miall (A. Bernard).

POEMS. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Miller (Joaquin).
THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL. Fcap. 8vo. With a Decorated Cover. 5s. net.

Milman (Helen).
IN THE GARDEN OF PEACE. With 24 Illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
[*Second Edition.*
MY ROSES AND HOW I GREW THEM. With Illustrations and a Cover designed by EDMUND H. NEW. Crown 8vo, cloth. 1s. 6d. net.
OUTSIDE THE GARDEN. With 10 Full-page and 20 Smaller Illustrations and a Cover design by EDMUND H. NEW. Uniform with "In the Garden of Peace." Crown 8vo. 6s.

Money-Coutts (F. B.).
POEMS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
THE REVELATION OF ST. LOVE THE DIVINE. Sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.
THE ALHAMBRA AND OTHER POEMS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Monkhouse (Allan).
BOOKS AND PLAYS: A Volume of Essays on Meredith, Borrow, Ibsen, and others. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
A DELIVERANCE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Muirhead (James Fullerton).
THE LAND OF CONTRASTS: A Briton's View of his American Kin. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Nesbit (E.).
A POMANDER OF VERSE. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
IN HOMESPUN. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Nettleship (J. T.).
ROBERT BROWNING: Essays and Thoughts. Portrait. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. net. [*Third Edition.*

Nicholson (Claud).
UGLY IDOL. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Noble (Jas. Ashcroft).
THE SONNET IN ENGLAND AND OTHER ESSAYS. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Oppenheim (M.).
A HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE ROYAL NAVY, and of Merchant Shipping in relation to the Navy from MDIX to MDCLX, with an introduction treating of the earlier period. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

Orred (Meta).
GLAMOUR. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Oxford Characters.
A series of lithographed portraits by WILL ROTHENSTEIN, with text by F. YORK POWELL and others. 200 copies only, folio. £3 3s. net.

Pain (Barry).
THE TOMPKINS VERSES. Edited by BARRY PAIN, with an introduction. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Pennell (Elizabeth Robins).
THE FEASTS OF AUTOLYCUS: THE DIARY OF A GREEDY WOMAN. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Peters (Wm. Theodore).
POSIES OUT OF RINGS. Sq. 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

Phillips (Stephen)
POEMS. With which is incorporated "CHRIST IN HADES." Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.
[*Fifth Edition.*
PAOLO AND FRANCESCA. A Play. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
See also FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS, p. 15.

Pinkerton (T. A.).
SUN BEETLES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Plarr (Victor).
IN THE DORIAN MOOD: Poems Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Posters in Miniature: over 250 reproductions of French, English and American Posters, with Introduction by EDWARD PENFIELD. Large crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Price (A. T. G.).
SIMPLICITY. Sq. 16mo. 2s. net.

Radford (Dollie).
SONGS AND OTHER VERSES. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Rands (W. B).
LILLIPUT LYRICS. Edited by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. With 140 Illustrations by CHARLES ROBINSON. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Rhys (Ernest).
A LONDON ROSE AND OTHER RHYMES. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Richardson (E.).
SUN, MOON, AND STARS: PICTURES AND VERSES FOR CHILDREN. Demy 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Risley (R. V.).
THE SENTIMENTAL VIKINGS. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Roberts (C. G. D.).
A SISTER TO EVANGELINE. A Romance. Crown 8vo. 6s.
[*In preparation.*

Robertson (John M.).
NEW ESSAYS TOWARDS A CRITICAL METHOD. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Rosebery (Lord).
APPRECIATIONS AND ADDRESSES. Edited by CHARLES GEAKE. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

Russell (T. Baron).
A GUARDIAN OF THE POOR. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
THE MANDATE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

St. Cyres (Lord).
THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS: A new rendering into English of the Fioretti di San Francesco. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
[*In preparation.*

Seaman (Owen).
THE BATTLE OF THE BAYS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Fourth Edition.*
HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
IN CAP AND BELLS. A Book of Verses. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Sedgwick (Jane Minot).
SONGS FROM THE GREEK. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Setoun (Gabriel).
THE CHILD WORLD: Poems. With over 200 Illustrations by CHARLES ROBINSON. Crown 8vo, gilt edges or uncut. 6s.

Shakespeare's Sonnets.
With 14 Illustrations and Cover Design by H. OSPOVAT. Sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.

Sharp (Evelyn).
WYMPS: Fairy Tales. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER. Small 4to, decorated cover. 6s. [*Second Edition.*
Also a New Edition, paper boards. 3s. 6d.
AT THE RELTON ARMS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
THE MAKING OF A PRIG. Crown 8vo. 6s.
ALL THE WAY TO FAIRY LAND. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER. Small 4to, decorated cover. 6s.
[*Second Edition.*
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUN. Fairy Stories. With 8 Illustrations and a Cover Design in Colour by NELLIE SYRETT. Sm. 4to. 6s.

Shelley (Percy Bysshe and Elizabeth).
ORIGINAL POETRY. By VICTOR and CAZIRE. A reprint *verbatim et literatim* from the unique copy of the First Edition. Edited by Dr. GARNETT. Demy 8vo. 5s. net.

Shiel (M. P.).
PRINCE ZALESKI. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
SHAPES IN THE FIRE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Shore (Louisa).
POEMS. With an appreciation by FREDERIC HARRISON and a Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

Shorter (Mrs. Clement) (Dora Sigerson).

THE FAIRY CHANGELING, AND OTHER POEMS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Skram (Amalie).

PROFESSOR HIERONIMUS. Translated from the Danish by ALICE STRONACH and G. B. JACOBI. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Smith (John).

PLATONIC AFFECTIONS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Stacpoole (H. de Vere).

PIERROT. Sq. 16mo. 2s. net.

DEATH, THE KNIGHT, AND THE LADY. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

PIERETTE, HER BOOK. With 20 Illustrations by CHARLES ROBINSON. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Stevenson (Robert Louis).

PRINCE OTTO. A Rendering in French by EGERTON CASTLE. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. With over 150 Illustrations by CHARLES ROBINSON. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [*Fifth Edition.*

Stimson (F. J.).

KING NOANETT. A Romance of Devonshire Settlers in New England. With 12 Illustrations by HENRY SANDHAM. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Stoddart (Thos. Tod).

THE DEATH WAKE. With an Introduction by ANDREW LANG. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

Street (G. S.).

EPISODES. Post 8vo. 3s. net.

MINIATURES AND MOODS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. net.

QUALES EGO: A FEW REMARKS, IN PARTICULAR AND AT LARGE. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOY. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Sixth Edition.*

THE WISE AND THE WAYWARD. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SOME NOTES OF A STRUGGLING GENIUS. Sq. 16mo, wrapper. 1s. net.

Sudermann (H.).

REGINA: OR, THE SINS OF THE FATHERS. A Translation of DER KATZENSTEG. By BEATRICE MARSHALL. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Third Edition.*

Swettenham (Sir F. A.)

MALAY SKETCHES. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*

UNADDRESSED LETTERS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE REAL MALAY: PEN PICTURES. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Swift (Jonathan).

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. With upwards of 100 Illustrations and a Cover Design by HERBERT COLE. Large crown 8vo. 6s.

Syrett (Netta).

NOBODY'S FAULT. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*

THE TREE OF LIFE. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*Second Edition.*

Tabb (John B.).

POEMS. Sq. 32mo. 4s. 6d. net.

LYRICS. Sq. 32mo. 4s. 6d. net.

Taylor (Una),

NETS FOR THE WIND. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Tennyson (Alfred, Lord)

See FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS, p. 15.

Tennyson (Frederick).

POEMS OF THE DAY AND YEAR. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Thimm (Carl A.).

A COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FENCING AND DUELLING, AS PRACTISED BY ALL EUROPEAN NATIONS FROM THE MIDDLE AGES TO THE PRESENT DAY. With a Classified Index, arranged Chronologically according to Languages. Illustrated with numerous Portraits of Ancient and Modern Masters of the Art. Title-pages and Frontispieces of some of the earliest works. Portrait of the Author by WILSON STEER. 4to. 21s. net.

Thompson (Francis).

POEMS. With Frontispiece by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Pott 4to. 5s. net. [*Fourth Edition.*

Thompson (Francis)—*contd.*
SISTER-SONGS: An Offering to Two Sisters. With Frontispiece by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Pott 4to. 5s. net.

Thoreau (Henry David).
POEMS OF NATURE. Selected and edited by HENRY S. SALT and FRANK B. SANBORN. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Traill (H. D.).
THE BARBAROUS BRITISHERS: A Tip-top Novel. Crown 8vo, wrapper. 1s. net.
FROM CAIRO TO THE SOUDAN FRONTIER. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Tynan Hinkson (Katharine).
CUCKOO SONGS. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.
MIRACLE PLAYS. OUR LORD'S COMING AND CHILDHOOD. With 6 Illustrations by PATTEN WILSON. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Verhaeren (Emile).
POEMS. Selected and Rendered into English by ALMA STRETTELL. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Waldstein (Charles).
THE EXPANSION OF WESTERN IDEALS AND THE WORLD'S PEACE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Walton and Cotton.
THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. Edited by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. With over 250 Illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW. Fcap. 4to, decorated cover. 15s. net.
Also to be had in thirteen 1s. parts.

Warden (Gertrude).
THE SENTIMENTAL SEX. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Wathen-Bartlett (Vanda).
HEART'S DESIRE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Watson (H. B. Marriott).
AT THE FIRST CORNER AND OTHER STORIES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
GALLOPING DICK. Crown 8vo. 6s.
THE HEART OF MIRANDA. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Watson (Rosamund Marriott).
VESPERTILIA AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.
A SUMMER NIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. net.

Watson (William).
THE COLLECTED POEMS. Crown 8vo. With Portrait by E. H. NEW. 7s. 6d. net.
[*Third Edition.*
Also a Large Paper Edition on Handmade paper, limited to 75 Copies. 21s. net.
THE PRINCE'S QUEST AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.
[*Third Edition.*
POEMS. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.
[*Fifth Edition.*
LACHRYMAE MUSARUM. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. [*Fourth Edition.*
THE ELOPING ANGELS: A Caprice. Square 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.
[*Second Edition.*
ODES AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.
[*Fifth Edition.*
THE FATHER OF THE FOREST AND OTHER POEMS. With Photogravure Portrait of the Author. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
[*Fifth Edition.*
THE PURPLE EAST: A Series of Sonnets on England's Desertion of Armenia. With a Frontispiece after G. F. WATTS, R.A. Fcap. 8vo, wrappers. 1s. net.
[*Third Edition.*
THE YEAR OF SHAME. With an Introduction by the BISHOP OF HEREFORD. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*
THE HOPE OF THE WORLD, AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. [*Third Edition.*
EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM: being some Prose Recreations of a Rhymer. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
[*Second Edition.*

Watt (Francis).
THE LAW'S LUMBER ROOM. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
[*Second Edition.*
THE LAW'S LUMBER ROOM. Second Series. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Watts-Dunton (Theodore).
JUBILEE GREETING AT SPITHEAD TO THE MEN OF GREATER BRITAIN. Crown 8vo. 1s. net.
THE COMING OF LOVE AND OTHER POEMS. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [*Second Edition.*

Wells (H. G.)
SELECT CONVERSATIONS WITH AN UNCLE, NOW EXTINCT. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Wenzell (A. B.)
IN VANITY FAIR. 70 Drawings. Oblong folio. 20s.

Wharton (Edith).
THE GREATER INCLINATION. Cr. 8vo. 6s.

Wharton (H. T.)
SAPPHO. Memoir, Text, Selected Renderings, and a Literal Translation by HENRY THORNTON WHARTON. With 3 Illustrations in Photogravure, and a Cover designed by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. With a Memoir of Mr. Wharton. Fcap. 8vo 6s. net [*Fourth Edition.*

White (Gilbert).
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. Edited by GRANT ALLEN. With nearly 200 Illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW. Fcap. 4to. In Twelve Monthly Parts at 1s. 6d. net. In Volume form, buckram, 21s. net.

Wotton (Mabel E.).
DAY BOOKS. Crown 8vo 3s. 6d. net.

Xenopoulos (Gregory).
THE STEPMOTHER: A TALE OF MODERN ATHENS. Translated by MRS. EDMONDS. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Zola (Emile).
FOUR LETTERS TO FRANCE—THE DREYFUS AFFAIR. Fcap. 8vo, wrapper. 1s. net.

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS

A SERIES OF FAMOUS POEMS ILLUSTRATED

Under the General Editorship of
F. B. MONEY COUTTS

Demy 16mo ($5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$) gilt top, bound in cloth, 1s. net.; bound in leather, 1s. 6d. net.

No. I. GRAY'S ELEGY, AND ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. With 10 Drawings by J. T. FRIEDENSON.

II. MARPESSA. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. With about 10 Drawings by OLIVER ONIONS.

III. A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. By ALFRED TENNYSON. With 10 Drawings by J. W. SIMPSON.

Prospectus post free on application

THE YELLOW BOOK

An Illustrated Quarterly.

Pott 4to. 5s. net.

I. April 1894, 272 pp., 15 Illustrations. [*Out of print.*

II. July 1894, 364 pp., 23 Illustrations.

III. October 1894, 280 pp., 15 Illustrations.

IV January 1895, 285 pp., 16 Illustrations.

V. April 1895, 317 pp., 14 Illustrations.

VI. July 1895, 335 pp., 16 Illustrations.

VII. October 1895, 320 pp., 20 Illustrations.

VIII. January 1896, 406 pp., 26 Illustrations.

IX. April 1896, 256 pp., 17 Illustrations.

X. July 1896, 340 pp., 13 Illustrations.

XI. October 1896, 342 pp., 12 Illustrations.

XII. January 1897, 350 pp., 14 Illustrations.

XIII. April 1897, 316 pp., 18 Illustrations.